CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1873. NO. 2.

A New-Year Monody.

How they gleam, the golden years,
On the ardent eye of Youth!
In his ravished soul he hears
All the music of the spheres,
And to-morrow, then, is truth.
"These to-morrows all are mine"
O divine
Years of youth! In his dream
How they gleam!

How they flee, the rushing years,
Past the halting path of Age!
Sounds are in his startled ears
As of clashing swords and spears
That a desperate combat wage
In a flight more desperate still.
"Will, oh, will
None be stayed?" None! Ah, me!
How they flee!

IN A CLOSET.

Once, when I was very poor, I suddenly became heiress to forty thousand dollars. Let me tell you how it happened. I was only thirteen years old when my father became bankrupt and died, leaving my mother without support, and with five young children on her hands. I was the eldest daughter; then there were three little boys and a baby girl. What were we to do? It was a terribly dark time. Mother had no accomplishments that could be turned to account, and I had studied hard, but was not old enough to be trusted with even an infant school. I heard it prophesized that my mother, being but thirty years old, and still beautiful, would marry again---words which filled me with anger and grief. How dared they say such shameful things of my mother?

I had the heart to move mountains in our aid, but not the strength to sweep a carpet. I showed my mother my delicate hands and slender wrists, and cried, when we were talking over our affairs.

"Never mind, Norry. You can help me in one way, if not in another," said mother. "You can tend Baby, and look after the boys. We must all keep together. I think I shall open a lodging-house---a very nice lodging-house."

At that time I had not the remotest idea of what she meant. But I soon discovered. Mother hired a house in the upper part of the old town where we had lived so long ignorant of the shifts of poverty, and furnished all the chambers, with a view to letting them separately.

One after another, applicants came, and the rooms were finally filled. It was an old, though an exceedingly well-built house. The rooms were wainscoted; the doors of red oak---their handles of brass; and the windows all had curious old inside shutters.

But mother fitted up one little room for us children very pleasantly. It was an east room, and pretty high up, so that the windows overlooked the neighboring roofs, and commanded a view of the harbor, with its glittering water, ships, and shipping.

She curtained and carpeted it warmly, and put in a bed for Baby and me, a crib for Neddy, and a trundle for the two other little boys. We called it the Nest. Here I spent most of my time. Here mother, soon looking weary and careworn, came to rest at times. I kept Baby warm and happy, sewed, and wore a cheerful face while I thought sad thoughts about mother. She kept no servant, but took care of all those innumerable chambers herself, and it was cold, hard work.

I never heard her clear, soft voice singing old tunes now; her white hands had grown hardened and roughened. My heart ached when I fondled mother's hands, but I never dared burden her with my compassion.

I saw, by her pale, harassed face, that she had all she could bear, and as it seemed to be her only comfort to find The Nest comfortable, I did my duty there unfailingly, and said little. But it kept me pretty busy, mending for the little boys, who tore their clothes at school; amusing Neddy, who was sickly, and tending the baby. Baby was our delight and our darling---she was so pretty and winsome.

The Nest had warm, crimson curtains, and a carpet of crimson and black. We had father's picture, and mother's book. Opposite the door that opened into the hall was another door---the entrance to a large closet, which was never opened, as it contained nothing but some rag-bags and barrels, and some old blinds which stood against the wall. Arthur and Frank used to play "Put Neddy in," when he was naughty, and threw over their games. It was not a very cheerful place.

When we had lived in this way six months, I had not become quite used to it. As I sat by the table, mending little stockings, and making little aprons, of an evening, it was so strange to hear great booted men go pounding over the stairs, and locking themselves in their rooms. Sometimes I could hear Mrs. Mackenzie scolding her maid.

Mrs. Mackenzie's rooms were next The Nest. They were very good rooms, and she was a very important person, and kept a maid---a sulky girl, who seemed always in a state of revolt. Her mistress said she was silly, but I never discovered that she was any sillier than any girl who had pretty cheeks, and likes to put a new bonnet over them, and walk in the park.

Mrs. Mackenzie herself was very good-looking. Her features, though a little sharp were very regular, her eyes were deep-set and bright, and her hair was black too black, it seemed to me, for so sallow and wrinkled a skin. She dressed very carefully, usually in rustling black silk, and wore a gold watch with innumerable pendent charms attached. She was so pleasant to mother that I could hardly believe my ears when I overheard her scolding Jenny so ruthlessly, and Jenny sulking and sobbing.

I could only surmise as to her history for she never referred; but she had a way of sneering at the whole class of masculine beings, which made me suspect she was disappointed in Mr. MacKenzie.

Well, as I was saying, at the end of six months I had hardly become used to the change. The children, poor things! did not mind it so much.

One evening, after I had gone to bed, the thought of their futures pressed heavily upon me. Father had intended to bring his boys up with great care; now they would have to tumble up the best way they could. The clock struck eleven, and still I had not fallen asleep. It was Winter time. The starlight, reflected upon the snow, illuminating the chamber. Suddenly I saw something creeping across the room. With a wild throb of my heart, I raised my head from the pillow. It was a strange figure, bent, and huddled in a loose white robe. Its head was almost entirely bald, and it had strange, sunken jaws.

It crept noiselessly to the window. It seemed to shiver as it stood looking toward the distant glitter of the sea.

The children were all asleep. Frank and Arthur in the trundle, Neddy in the crib, and Baby in my bed. I sat up, ready to spring to rescue any of them if they should be molested.

The figure turned from the window, went to the mirror, peered within, and finally turned away, crossed the room, and entered the closet.

I waited for it to come forth again, but it did not come. In the utmost suspense, I counted the minutes for five long hours. At daybreak I fell heavily asleep. How strangely I felt in the morning when I arose to dress the children! Had I seen a spirit, or was there a ghostly figure lurking in the closet? I was glad to get the boys off to school out of harm's way. And when, in the course of the day, Baby, creeping about the door, pulled herself up to the closet-door, and rattled at the handle, I snatched her away.

It was strange that I did not think of the figure reappearing, but on the next night I was awakened by a slight noise, and, to my fright, discovered the white figure creeping across the room again!

It went to the window, rubbed the frost from the pane, and looked out. Again I started up, fearing some harm would come to the children; but after peering in the mirror, as before, the figure crossed the room, and disappeared at the closet-door. With my heart beating almost to suffocation, I lay down again. Two more nights this same thing happened. I became almost sick with anxiety and excitement. I did not know what to do; but to whom could I go for help? Every time that I looked at my mother's care-worn face, I conquered the temptation to add this burden to her anxieties.

At length, one day, I summoned courage to look into the closet. There was nothing there.

Then I decided that the intruder was a ghost. This did not mend matters; it was dreadful to be so haunted.

I slept very badly. Sometimes I would fancy the figure present when it was not. Again, I think it visited me when I was sleeping the deep slumber of exhaustion.

One night I was awakened by a piercing scream from Neddy's crib. I sprang up. The strange figure was darting wildly about the apartment, and my little brother, sitting up, wide awake in his crib, stared fearfully at it, while scream after scream issued from his pale lips.

But in a moment the figure rushed into the closet, and I took the terrified child into my bed.

"What was it---what was it, Norry?" he cried.

I told him he had been dreaming. The other children woke up, and mother came hurrying up from her room below, but I told them that Neddy had had a bad dream, and cried out in his sleep---that was all. If it was not true, I hardly knew what the truth was. But I slept no more that night.

That afternoon, as I sat sewing in The Nest, while Baby crept about the carpet, and Neddy was taking a nap, there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Mackenzie entered. She never took any notice of the little boys, but she sometimes made slight overtures toward Baby's acquaintance.

"What was the trouble here last night?" she asked, submitting her jewelled fingers to Baby's admiration, while she looked at me sharply.

I hesitated. But why not make a confidant of Mrs. Mackenzie?

After obtaining from her a solemn promise that she would keep my secret, I told her the whole story. She listened with deep attention.

"And so you think it is a ghost, Miss Nora?" she said.

"I am sure it is a ghost," I answered; "but I cannot tell mother that the house is haunted, for she would be frightened out of it, and we have no place to go. As long as it does not hurt the children, I can bear it."

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at me with an intensity which embarrassed me.

"Miss Nora Raynor," said she, "you are a brave girl, and you shall lose nothing by your bravery and your devotion to your mother."

This speech puzzled me considerably. But what was far more important, the ghost came no more into The Nest.

Mrs. Mackenzie remained with us a year, doing us many favors, but at last she was taken very sick. To the last she scolded Jenny; but at length she died.

When I saw her in her last sickness, I discovered that she wore a black wig---her head was entirely bald. She wore false teeth, also, the removal of which altered her appearance extremely. Without her corsets and padding, she looked very bent, aged, and feeble, and in her white flannel night-dress appeared remarkably like the ghost.

After her death her will was read, one clause of which read as follows: "To Nora Raynor, I bequeath the sum of forty thousand dollars, as a reward for her good sense."

Afterward I had a conversation with Jenny, and related my strange experience.

"Law, Miss, it was Missis herself; she was always a-walking around in her sleep at night. I've heard her say that she once slept in that room you call The Nest, and she liked it because you can see the sea from the windows. But if you'd made a fuss and exposed her without her wig on, she'd never have forgiven you to her dying minute. She thought much of her good looks, Missis did, though she was always a-scolding me for prinkin', as she called it, if I so much as tied my collar with a bit of ribbon."

"But if it were Mrs. Mackenzie who came into The Nest, Jenny, how did she get in?"

"Nothing so easy. There's a door through."

And indeed there was a door opening from Mrs. Mackenzie's room into the closet, but concealed on the closet side by old blinds.

I came into possession of my money immediately. We have a little home in the country now. Frank and Arthur are studying professions; Neddy is at college; mother has grown serene and happy again---her hands are fair, and she sings as she sews, while Baby, grown sweeter and more winsome with years, does not even remember that we ever kept a lodging house.

Money-making a Duty.

Again, there are men born with a genius for money-making. They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and inclination to convert dollars into doublons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them, just as strongly marked and uncontrollable as were the ability and inclination of Shakespeare to produce a Hamlet and an Othello, of Raphael to paint his cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph. As it would have been a gross dereliction of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would a Rotchild, an Astor and a Peabody have sinned had they done violence to their natures, and thrown their energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs, and not giants. The mission of a Lawrence or a Cornell, equally with that of an Agassiz, a Bierstadt or a Powers, is defined in the faculties God has given him; and no one of them has a right to turn aside from the paths to which his finger so plainly points. Academies, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, railroads---none of which could have been possible without their accumulations---are the proofs of their usefulness; and though the millionaire too often converts his brain into a ledger and his heart into a millstone, yet this starvation of his spiritual nature is no more necessary in his pursuit than in that of the doctor or lawyer. Agassiz is reported to have said, half scornfully, that he had "no time to make money," having given himself to science. But how could he get leisure to study the secrets of nature if others had not made money for him?---["] Getting on in the World."

"The Law's Delay."---The law's delay, which so far back as Hamlet's day was a source of so much vexation as to make it a question with him whether it was best "to be or not to be," even now vexes and annoys. Eight years ago a suit was tried in New York in which the sum of $118,000 was matter of dispute. A verdict was then rendered, but the matter was appealed from court to court, and at last the case was returned to the original court for retrial, where it is exactly in the state it was eight years ago. After eight years more of delay and uncertainty a decision may be reached.

An English "Man-of-War."---The Devastation is the newest war-vessel of the British navy. She (the man-of-war) is of 10,000 tons burden, and weighs also 10,0000 tons, is built mostly of iron, and carries an immense armament of the heaviest guns. She is also a ram, and is constructed to run down vessels and commit devastation generally.

Russia and England.

The difficulty between Russia and England in regard to the Khiva-Afghanistan question cannot but give rise to serious apprehensions that the peace of the world will not be of long duration. Russia cannot retrace her steps in Central Asia any more because, if she should do so, the half savage tribes which she has hitherto subjected beyond the Caucasus would rise against her as one man and involve her in a struggle compared to which that with the Circassians was insignificant. England, on the other hand, if she wants to preserve her great Indian empire, can no longer look on quietly while Russia is extending her rule in Asia and penetrating toward the Gulf of Persia. British prestige is at stake, and, if England should show further signs of weakness toward Russia the half-subdued people in the Northern part of the East Indies, as well as the Afghans and other mountaineers over whom England extends a sort of protectorate that is rather irksome to them, would probably treat her with as defiant hostility as Russia would meet with at the hands of her recently subjected vassals beyond the Caucasus. Neither side can compromise any longer, and the great collision between the two powers is rapidly drawing nigh.

A conflict between England and Russia, as a matter of course, would not be confined to the distant regions of Asia. England would have to seize Egypt in order to strengthen her military forces in Asia as rapidly as possible, and that would at once reopen the dangerous Oriental question. In fact, it may be said that the breaking out of a war between Russia and England in all probability would decide the fate of European Turkey, and that decision cannot be reached without Austria making a desperate effort not to be shut out entirely from the mouths of the Danube. And, besides, will France, when all this occurs, consent to remain an idle spectator, with M. Thiers, who has always maintained that his country never should allow Russia to carry her eagles to the Golden Horn, at the head of the Republic? Will Germany, owing as much as she does to Russia on account of the latter's friendly neutrality during the recent war, remain inactive?

A Distressing Mistake.

One day last week there arrived in New Orleans a large invoice of castor beans (used in the manufacture of castor oil) consigned to one of the leading drug houses. In the course of unloading, the sacks containing the beans were so skillfully operated upon that by the time they were placed in position on the levee some of them leaked badly, and the castor beans were lying about on the levee in a profusion that bore strong testimony to the reckless spirits of several merry, saddle-colored sons of toil.

Not far from the location of the pile, an aged daughter of Africa "Plied her busy cares," which consisted, in the main, in preparing first-class noonday lunches for the levee mullowlungers, otherwise known as long-shoremen. It will be hardly necessary to state that, although these lunches are considered quite healthy, they are not exactly what one would call for at a first-class hotel where short, their component parts are shin bones and beans, deftly intermingled and served up without much regard for ceremony, except that which demands a good deal of lunch for the smallest possible amount of filthy lucre.

The old lady referred to, having an eye to the main chance, no sooner espied the beans lying about loose, that it occurred to her that she would "gather them in" after the fashion of the old sexton, and, by turning them to her own use, save a considerable sum in her household expense.

No sooner said than done, and chuckling at her stroke of good luck, the fair dame conveyed the spoils homeward, where, in a short time, she cooked them to a proper consistency, and, on Saturday last, they appeared in tempting form before the hungry eyes of her customers, who wrestled their lunch on that occasion with a vigor and ferocity quite alarming to behold.

The consequences were distressing in the extreme, and involved the loss of half a day's time to each man.

Dressing the Hair.

The day of the huge chignon is over. That article is buried out of sight. Peace be to its ashes! But that great mound on the back of the head was not so disfiguring as the present style of leaving that part of the cranium an utter blank. Our researches into this subject have not quite satisfied us whether this fashion is copied from the Fiat-headed Indians, the Chinese, or the Fiji Islanders; but from the fact that the hair is so bepuffed, befrizzed, and becurled in a mass on the top of the head, we are inclined to think that we are indebted to the Fijians for this "thing of beauty." They adorn the male as well as the female head after this fashion; and how the American male would look with such a head-gear, we do not venture an opinion, but frequent observation enables us to say that the ordinary style of hair-dressing at present, as arranged by the owners, is becoming to no American woman. This is to comb the hair up to the top of the head, leaving a flat, straight, even row of hairs in the back, with a cushion, a coil, a bow, or puffs exactly on the crown of the head, and a mass of little frizzles in front. The cushion or coil has ribbon or a jet encircling it. The latter is most frequently used, and is worn without any reference whatever to the color of the hair, notwithstanding the very obvious fact the effect of the jet is almost wholly lost on black hair, and is positively ugly on flaxen. When the hairdresser is called in, this style is, of course, vastly improved, but no art can make it either pretty or becoming.

When women learn to conform somewhat to fashion, and at the same time to make fashion conform somewhat to them, they will all look better than they do now. An artistic arrangement of puffs, braids, etc., on the top of the head, in the present fashion, with smaller puffs in front, interspersed with a few little curls or frizzes, is a pretty style of dressing the hair, and with the addition of the fancy combs now worn, looks quite distinguished, and would be becoming if some part of the structure were only carried down towards the neck. Some of the fashion plates show such designs with a coil, braid, or curls simply and gracefully disposed at the back of the head, and it is to be hoped they will be more generally copied.

The jets are handsome ornaments when arranged with an eye to the effects of color. As a rule, the circles of jet do not look well with very light or very dark hair, but the butterflies and other similar designs are the prettiest hair ornaments we have had for some time, and with black hair or flaxen, only need the interposition of a little bright ribbon to make them very effective.

The Indian Question.---A cold-blooded, calculating genius recommends that the "Indian question" be met by adopting the English method of solving their difficulties with the South African Kaffirs and Hottentots. He says this is done by supplying the Africans with Birmingham guns, worth one dollar each, which are exchanged by the savages for ivory and gold-dust. After the first explosion, the savage needs no gun any more, and the question, so far as he is concerned, may be sufficiently settled. On the other hand, we supply our Indians with excellent breech-loaders, which tend to keep our question in an open state.

How London Appears to a Traveler.

Streets crossing each other at all angles except right angles. Streets built up on both sides with plain, yellow brick houses for miles in length. Streets running under massive viaducts, built of granite and iron. Streets crossing others on arches of stone. Streets commencing broad and well-built, with magnificent edifices, diminishing into dirty lanes, the abode of poverty and vice. Streets commencing straight and ending in a curve. Streets curved at both ends and crooked in the middle. Streets paved with blocks of granite, others with asphaltum. Exceptional streets laid in Nicholson. Streets at the West magnificent beyond description, through which the rich roll in elegant carriages, attended by servants in ostentatious liveries. Streets in the East where honest poverty and hideous vice jostle against each other in the daily struggle for existence. Lanes, alleys, dark courts, obscure passages, by-ways, delusive roads, intricate paths and uncertain short cuts, all strangely confused. Shops in the East where the necessities of life are sold in sub divisions at a penny apiece. Shops at the West filled to repletion with silks at a guinea a yard. A river spanned by a score of stone bridges, each as firm and solid as the earth itself. Thousands of public buildings, rare specimens of beauty, built by world-renowned architects, long since passed away; monuments like index fingers pointing to the sky; countless factories with slender chimneys, each one pouring out a column of black smoke to cast a gloomy pall over palace and shrine. Docks built far inland, with narrow gates opening to the river; docks crowded with ships from every quarter of the globe; innumerable passenger steamers shooting the arches of the bridges, steamships, ships, barks, schooners, barges, scows, mud boats, propellers, tugs, dredging machines, war vessels, canal boats, and floating hospitals and prisons lying at anchor on the dirty waters below the bridges. Thirty miles of river bank, lined with great warehouses and crowded with merchandise from the ends of the earth. Millions of people to meet; omnibuses, cabs, carts, street cars, drays, carriages, wagons rushing through the crowded thoroughfares, or crossing the bridges from side to side. Railroads everywhere; trains crossing the tops of the houses; engines dragging cars for miles underground; trains shooting under the streets, trains thundering overhead, while steam of unseen engines is coming through the iron gratings at your feet. Flaming advertisements plastered about blank walls. Plate-glass shop windows brilliantly lighted from the outside. Gin palaces aglare and radiant that you must wink when you look at them; gin palaces in which the poor, silly working people spend for beer what their children need for food and clothes; gin palaces where countless women go with infants in their arms to drink gin with ragged, bloated men. Churches without equal in the world; churches with gin palaces on each side; churches filled on Sundays with well-dressed, intelligent, contented Christian people; churches which are placed on exhibition during the week for hire. Galleries of paintings, haunts of vice, gambling saloons, hotels, theatres, museums, gardens, courts, clubs, banking institutions, breweries, colleges, schools, universities, prisons, markets, stalls, palaces hustled into obscurity behind dirty brick walls. Immense wholesale business done in dark, narrow lanes. Buildings of every conceivable size, quality, and value spread thickly over thirty-five square miles of area, and thinly over far more ---that's London.

Heir of an English Baronetcy a Convict.

Among the men brought up at the city police court on the 25th of July, charged with gambling in a Chinese den in Little Bourke street, is one whose Australian career is well worth recapitulating, as showing the degredation into which men of high position fall when they once enter upon what is very truthfully, though vulgarly, termed a "loose life." Tichborne, if he of Wagga Wagga is Tichborne, had some strange experiences while he resided in this part of the country, but his life has hardly been as eventful as that of Henry Travers, alias Thomas Gerald Golding, alias Frank Hogg, alias Powell. Travers, who is said to be heir to an English baronetcy, seems to have spent his Australian life chiefly within the four walls of the prison cell. He first appeared in this country in the year 1865, having arrived by a ship called the Ulcoates, from London. He described himself as Thomas Gerald Golding, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and for some time he led what is called a fast life in Melbourne. Towards the close of that year he appeared to have run short of supplies, for on the first of February, 1866, he was brought up at the city courts on two charges of obtaining money by false pretences, for which he was sentenced to three and six months' imprisonment at Pentridge. He was liberated toward the close of the year; but he was not at large two or three months before he had recourse to his old means of raising funds. On the 21st of March, 1867, he was apprehended on four charges of obtaining property on false pretences, and received four sentences, amounting to sixteen months. He served this period at the stockade in Pentridge, but he was little benefited by prison discipline. He had tried all he could to raise money by fraud, but he had now got the length of his tether. A new idea seized him, and he came out as a detective. He went about for a time personating one of the clever people, but the game did not answer; he was arrested and once more sent to Pentridge for two years. During this period he met with an accident which brought on paralysis, and when he was once more set at liberty he had to seek shelter at the Immigrants' Home and the Benevolent Asylum. He left the Home, and took one of the female nurses with him, and the disgrace which he brought upon himself at the charitable institutions impelled the managers of those institutions to close the door against him. Sometime ago he sent a letter to his Excellency the Governor, asking his assistance, and in that letter he represented himself to be the son of General Travers, then in India, and as there happened to be an Indian officer in Melbourne at the time, it is understood that his Excellency commissioned him to make inquiries as to the truth of the statement when he returned to join the army. Should these reports prove correct, Henry Travers will one day be a baronet, and we shall have another piece of romance to record.

Future Eclipses of the Sun.

Mr. Robert T. Paine communicates to "Silliman's Journal" a list of eclipses visible in the United States during the remainder of this century. The first central eclipse will be that of September 29, 1875, which will be annular in part of the State of New York and in four of the New England States. The duration of the ring on the central line will be three minutes thirty-nine seconds. At Boston it will be only two minutes twenty-nine seconds. The belt of country over which the annular eclipse will extend will be 110 miles wide. Within it are situated the observatories of Hamilton College, Albany, Harvard University, Amherst College, and Dartmouth College. The first total eclipse will be that of July 29, 1878, when the shadow of the moon will pass over British Columbia, Montana, Colorado, Texas, and Cuba. At Denver, Colorado, the eclipse will be total nearly three minutes.

The Isthmian Ship Canal.

That ships are sooner or later to cross the Isthmus connecting North and South America, at some point, there is not a shadow of doubt. That the tide of commerce between Europe and the Eastern shores of North and South America on the one hand, and China, Japan, the East Indies and Eastern Africa on the other, (a commerce, by the way, which, great as it is and long as it has continued, it is but a beginning compared to what it will be before the close of the next half century,) is to continue to be deflected ten thousand miles out of its direct course by a few miles more or less of mountain and rock is entirely inconsistent with the spirit of the age. It is only a question of time and money. Money is the Archimedean fulcrum upon which, if modern engineering can rest its lever, it can, perhaps, hardly move the world, but it can move anything in the world.

What pecuniary interests demand pecuniary resources will not fail to accomplish; And it is not a question of so very much money after all. A hundred millions of dollars sounds pretty large, but one gets used to hearing it; and the people of this country have expended that amount in killing each other, in fifty days.

By whom is it to be constructed? It is very easy to answer by whom it ought to be constructed. Secretary Fish is said to have stated that this country is competent for the enterprise without European assistance, and it needed no such announcement to make the fact patent to all that we not only can but ought to construct a ship canal across the Isthmus. Both commercial and political reasons make it imperitive that the American nation should own and control the great highway between the two oceans.

Mr. James C. Medeley, in a letter to "Engineering," evincing a careful consideration of the subject, compares some of the routes talked of, and recommends a route across the Isthmus of Panama, near where the existing railway now crosses, entering the Pacific by the Rio Grande, a little to the north of the town of Panama, where the railway now terminates. It would necessitate a cutting for several miles, with a summit depth of 180 feet, rapidly increasing in depth from the summit each way, and still require about eighty feet of lockage. A canal about the size of the Suez canal is estimated to cost, even at excessive prices for construction, about one hundred millions of dollars, the major portion of which would be for the deep cutting and the locks. But it is not questionable whether locks are advisable? They are certainly not desirable, and when we consider that the work is for all time, and will be of increased utility with each succeeding year, anything that increases the expense, or diminishes the facility of operating it, should be avoided, even at a very largely increased cost of original construction. If a canal can be constructed at all, it can be and should be constructed without locks.

Tidal Water Power; A New and Useful Suggestion.

Mr. A. E. Gordeu, the editor of the New Brunswick, N. J., (Times,) has made a suggestion in reference to the utilizing of the power of the tides, which appears to us not only novel but practical and important.

The use of tidal water power to drive mills is common along our coasts. The ordinary method is to shut off the mouth of a small inlet by means of a dam having sluice gates to admit the sea water which, by the rise of the tide, enters and fills the enclosure. By the fall of the tide the enclosed water derives sufficient head to drive a turbine or other wheel, and so give motion to the mill. But when the tide again rises of course the head is destroyed, so that the mill can only run alternately, during two separate periods of a few hours each out of the twenty-four. It is this alternating and irregularity in the hours of motion, together with the periods of entire inactivity, that prevent the employment of this species of motive power for general industrial purposes.

The improvement suggested by Mr. Gordon consists in providing two water basins, both of which are to be shut off by dams from the sea. One of the basins is to serve as a constant supply reservoir of water, and it is to have a close dam of such width and hight that the tide water, when it has risen to within one foot of its normal hight, will begin to pour over the dam and quickly fill the reservoir. The dam of the other basin is to be provided with swing valves which permit exit of the water at low tide but prevent ingress of water from the sea. The basin, we will now suppose to be empty. The water wheel is to be placed between the two basins, and the fall of the water from the reservoir into the discharge basin will afford continuous motive power so long as the supply of water lasts and until the rise of water in the discharge basin destroys the head. But as this latter basin is entirely emptied at every tide, the head will be always kept good, presupposing, of course, that the reservoir and the discharge basin are made of proper size. In respect to this last point, it is well-known that basin capacity on our coasts is almost unlimited, and there are thousands of localities where extensive water powers may be thus provided and maintained at a comparatively small cost. We trust that Mr. Gordon will proceed to elaborate his plan and place it before the hydraulic engineers of the country for discussion.

A Forcible Liquor Law.

We recently gave an account of a suit in Davenport, Iowa, by one Mrs. Priestly against Joseph Hierb for damages for selling liquor to her husband. This has now been closed. After Hierb's counsel had filed a motion for a new trial, by the consent of Mrs. Priestly to accept a homestead in Davenport, valued at $1,500, and Hierb to pay all costs of suit which will be about $200. The verdict of the jury against him was $2,520. His settlement is a virtual acknowledgement of the correctness of the verdict.

The result of this suit will have a great effect in Iowa. The People's Temperance Association, under whose auspices the foregoing case was pressed to trial, has given the following public notice:

To Whom it May Concern.---We believe it is now a well-settled fact that under the statues of Iowa, the owners of property, leasing the same, knowing the property leased is being used for the violation of chapter 647, and acts amendatory thereof of the laws of Iowa, said property is liable for all fines assessed against persons occupying said premises. We propose hereafter to take such steps in all liquor prosecutions as will enable the Court not only to punish the tenant, but the gentlemanly landlord as well. If this interests you, make a note of it. Are you in danger? Stand from under. We mean business. Giles H. Tusner,
President People's Temperance Ass'n.

The President above named is a man who has squandered a fortune, and nearly ruined a strong, robust constitution by the use of strong drink; a man who in years gone by was prominent in his profession, that of the law, but who, about two years ago, reformed, together with several of his associates, who banded themselves together and swore eternal warfare against the liquor traffic in Davenport. The association now numbers about three hundred, and they mean business. The result is that whiskey selling in Davenport is nearly played out.

Humors of Advertising.

Advertisers are adepts in ambiguity. A lady advertises her desire to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies." "A spinster particularly fond of children" informs the public that she "wishes two or three, having none of her own." Somebody wants "a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion;" a draper desires to meet with an assistant who would "take an active interest in a small first-class trade, and in a quiet family;" and a Boston chemist advertises, "The gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." Slipshod English is not, however, confined to the advertising columns, or we should not read of the shooting of a wild cat "by a little boy five feet and eight inches long;" of a procession which was "very fine indeed, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Mr. Perry, the chaplain;" nor should we be much scandalized to note the fact, recently stated in some journel, that "a self-made man arrived in California twenty years ago with only one shirt to his back, and since then has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate over ten millions." An English theatrical paper, after announcing a forthcoming benefit performance, went on: "Of course every one will be there, and for the edification of those who are absent, a full report will be found in our next paper." The following advertisements are collected from Irish papers: "One pound reward. Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening." Advertisement of a wine merchant: "The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about six dozen of prime port wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high boquet." The two following emanated from a well-known livery stable keeper: "To be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail." "To be sold cheap, a male phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new." "Ten Shillings reward. Lost by a gentleman, a white terrier dog, except the head, which is black. To be brought to," etc. To be added to these Irish advertisements may be given an English one, which was the subject of a humorus article in the "Saturday Review," some four or five years since: "To be sold, an Erad grand piano, the property of a lady, about to travel in a walnut case with carved legs."

Disastrous Fire in Centre Street, New York City.

The fire which broke out shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday evening in the Caxton Building, Nos. 81, 83, and 85 Centre street, besides consuming that large structure and damaging several adjacent buildings, has probably caused the death of seven persons. Of the fifty girls employed in the bindery of Archer, Anderson & Co., on the upper floors, it was at first thought that all had escaped, some with slight wounds and bruises but six of the girls and a boy cannot be found, and their bodies, if they have not been consumed, will probably be found beneath the debris.

All day yesterday anxious inquiries were made to Capt. Kennedy, at the Sixth Precinct Police Station, for the following persons, all of whom were doubtless killed: Jane Stewart, of 77 Charlton street; Bridget McGrath, of 331 First avenue; Margaret Donohue and Mary Donohue, sisters, of 123 East Tenth street; Margaret Bell and Charlotte Bell, sisters, and James Bovins, a boy aged twelve, residing at 164 Broome street. The girls were all employed as binders and sewers. All of them have been missing since the fire.

The janitor of a building in the neighborhood of the fire stated that he saw a woman at a window waving a handkerchief and imploring help from the crowd below. In a moment she was enveloped in flames, and was seen no more.

The building fell in fifteen minutes after the fire was discovered; and another man is said to have seen a woman at a window gesticulating, when the walls fell and crushed her. It is fully conceded that had not the fire escape to the Caxton Building been in a neglected and incomplete condition, there would not have been the dreadful loss of life.

The Caxton Building, Nos. 81, 83 and 85 Centre street, which, with the contents, was completely destroyed, was owned by Robert Craighead, whose loss is estimated at $75,000, which is but partially covered by insurance. The second floor was occupied by the New York Newspaper Union. The third floor was occupied by Dun, Barlow & Co. as a printing establishment. The fourth, fifth and sixth floors were occupied by Archer, Anderson & Co., bookbinders.

Two or three adjoining buildings were badly damaged.

The total loss by the fire is estimated at over $600,000, which is partially covered by insurance.

What he Knew About Threshing.

The Titusville "Press" gives an account of a young man from an Eastern city, who had been visiting rural friends in this vicinity. After seeing a farmer thresh out a "flooring" of oats the other morning, he asked and received permission to swing the flail a few minutes, upon assuring the agriculturist that he was "perfectly familiar with the art of threshing." Expectorating upon his hands, the young man went at the oats, but at the first pass knocked the horn off from a new milch cow that was leisurely chewing her cud in a neighboring stall. The second swing caved in the head of the farmer, who thought he was safe enough as long as he roosted on top of the fanning mill in the other end of the barn, but without discovering the havoc he was making, the city artist kept at his labors; the third blow fell upon the oats, the fourth killed a hen in a manger near by, and the fifth pass of the deadly weapon was the best of all, for it came around behind the young man boomerang fashion, and taking him under the lower jaw, knocked him down, and thus put an end to the work of slaughter. The mere fact that the city "thresher" returned to consciousness an hour before the farmer did, allowed the former to get several miles out of town before his efforts at threshing oats were discovered by his neighbors.

Taking Cold.

When a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, and in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism with its agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in the wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold as how to avoid it.

Colds always come from one cause, some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his or her feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and expoure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps, the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.

Aniline Inks---Interesting Experiments.

The beauty and variety of aniline dyes has, for a long time, induced manufacturers to use them for the making of inks. Formerly, red inks were prepared from cochineal and ammonia, and blue inks from Prussian blue and oxalic acid; but an exceedingly cheap red ink may be made by simple dissolving a little gum in a very diluted solution of aniline red. This ink may be immediately used, and the solution must not be too strong, or the complementary color (green) will appear. Violet and blue inks with and without a greenish tint, are now much used. The so-called bleu soluble is readily available for making them. It is prepared like red ink, and the same is the case with the "patent violet." Aniline dyes may also be employed for the preparation of sympathetic inks, which formerly were very much in vogue. Letters written with aniline red will disappear when exposed to the vapors of ammonia, in which case we obtain the colorless rosaniline, which is scarcely or not at all visible. After some time, especially if warmed a little, the letters appear again in their original beauty. Nicholson's blue yields a still more beautiful sympathetic ink. To produce it the blue is dissolved in a solution of borax, to which a little gum is added. When used, this ink is scarcely perceptible, but when exposed to the vapor of muriatic or acetic acid, the characters appear in a dark blue; but they disappear if exposed to the vapors of ammonia.

The following in an interesting experiment, and may be of interest to popular lecturers on chemistry: White flowers, made of paper, and white silk ribbons may be variously colored, without any one recognizing how it is done. It is a well known fact that if an aniline dye, in the state of a very fine powder, is spread over a sheet of paper, and the loose dust removed, there remain imperceptible particles, which, however, are sufficient, if dissolved, to intensely color the whole sheet. To this end it is only necessary to moisten the paper with strong alcohol, or with a solution of alcohol and acetic acid. This experiment may be carried out by making roses or other flowers from paper. White roses, if covered with fuchsin in the form of dust, when immersed in spirits of wine or other proper solvent, are immediately changed to beautiful red roses. Silken ribbons may be treated in a similar manner. By dropping a few grains of aniline dyes into wine glasses and adding a solvent, variously colored liquors may be obtained by means that few persons are able to detect. A white liquid may be colored red, and decolored by adding ammonia. In fact, many interesting experiments can be performed with these dyes.

Epidemic Delusions.

There are plenty of stories of this kind. For instance, in nunneries it is not at all uncommon, from the secluded life, and the attention being fixed upon one subject, a particular set of ideas and feelings---the want of a healthy vent, so to speak, for the mental activity---that some particular odd propensity has developed itself. For instance, in a nunnery abroad, many years ago, one of the youngest nuns began to mew like a cat, and all the others, after a time, did the same. In another nunnery one began to bite, and the others were all affected with the propensity to bite. In one of these instances, the mania was spreading like wildfire through Germany, extending from one nunnery to another; and they were obliged to resort to severe measures to check it out. It was set down in some instances to demoniacal possession, but the devil was very easily exercised by some pretty strong threat on the part of the medical man. The celebrated physician Boerhave was called in to a case of that kind in an orphan asylum in Holland, and I think his remedy was a red-hot iron. He heated the poker in the fire, and said that the next girl who fell into one of those fits should be burnt in the arm; this was quite sufficient to stop it. In Scotland at one time there was a great tendency to break out into fits of this kind in the churches. This was particularly the case in Shetland; and a very wise minister there told them that the thing could not be permitted, and that the next person who gave way in this manner---as he was sure they could control themselves if they pleased---should be taken out and ducked in a pond. There was no necessity at all to put the threat into execution. Here, you see, the stronger motive is substituted for the weaker one. And the stronger motive is sufficient to induce the individual to put a check upon himself. I have said that it usually happens with the female sex, though sometimes it occurs with young men who have more or less of the same constitutional tendency. What is necessary, is to induce a stronger motive which will call forth the power of self-control, which has been previously abandoned.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Bible.

In the bookstore of Mr. Bouton, on Broadway, there is now on exhibition

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Jan 9, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1.50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with ethcash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

Simon Cameron, from defrauding the Winnebago indians, many years ago, got the title of "Winnebago" conferred upon him. The recent development in appropriations of large sums to bugus indian tribes, prominent the "Teton-Sioux," a mythical tribe, gives occasion for conferring a handsome title—Teton-Sioux—upon some prominent radical politician.

The "Sitting Bull" is said to be the name of the Teton-Sioux chief, this would be a handsome cognomen for one of Grant's swindling indian agents.

The tavern-keepers are becoming alarmed for their licenses, fearful that the local option vote may be adverse to the liquor traffic at their bars. People are wondering what the result will be at the approaching spring elections. The greater portion are of the opinion that "no license" will carry, and judging from the expressions we here from many, who are not so-called temperance men, that they will vote against granting licenses, we are inclined to think, sometimes, that "no license" will carry; the entire temperance element will vote that way of course, and will be re-inforced by those we previously mentioned. The result, in Clearfield county, a short time ago, where a majority of over 800 was given against licenses, has greatly disturbed the clas, *mine host*, as showing the drift of public sentiment.

When the question of a prohibitory liquor law, was submitted to a vote of the people of this state, some 15 years ago, the majority against such a law was 4,000, if our memory serves us right—Centre county, at that time, cast a majority against a prohibitory law; whether our county and the state have changed front and will now vote against having any licensed taverns, we soon shall see. We publish the local option law in another column of the Reporter.

A Bitter Debate in Prospect.

Senator Sumner, although engaged in preparing his speech on his resolution to erase from the records and from battles-flags the names of battles fought during the rebellion, does not indicate when he will deliver it. He expects a bitter debate over the proposition, and wishes to participate in it as the leader of the measure. Under the advice of his physician, however, there is no immediate prospect of his calling the matter up. It is stated that some of the Administration Senators, confident of being able to defeat the resolution, will endeavor to get it up this session if the Massachusetts Senator does not.

Robert M. and Stephen A. Douglas, sons of the late Senator Douglas, have prepared and will present to Congress on Monday a claim for $250,000 for their private cotton and other property taken, used, and appropriated in March, 1863, in Mississippi, by a portion of the army of the United States.

A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Valparaiso on the 12th ultimo. In the north of San Salvador the volcano of Santa Ana has lately become active, and great fears are entertained for the valuable coffee plantations in its neighborhood.

In the case of a devise of property left in trust to provide for the support of domestic animals, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that there is no legacy or succession tax. This question was raised on the will of a lady in Boston, who left property for the maintenance of a cat.

Germany has notified her Charge d'Affaires at the Vatican not to attend the usual New Year's reception by the Pope, as she considers the recent allocution of Pius IX., an insult to the empire. Consequently the Charge d'. Affaires has taken an unlimited leave of absence and returned to Berlin. Certain journals published in the empire have been threatened with confiscation if they publish the document in question or make any remarks in favor of it.

The anticipated resignation of Secretary Boutwell is confirmed. It is to take effect on the 15th of February, when he will return to Massachusetts. Judge Richardson, the present Assistant Secretary, is named as Boutwell's probable successor.

On the re-assembling of Congress it is rumored that there will be some queer developments as to the management of the Freedmen's Bureau under the immaculate Howard.

The constitutional convention met in Philadelphia, on last Tuesday.

HARRISBURG.

The rads of the Legislature have chosen Wm. Elliott, of Philadelphia, speaker of the House, with Gen. Selfridge for chief-clerk and J. A. Smull for resident clerk.

Gov. Hartranft will be inaugurated Jan. 21st, and on the 22nd the Senate and House will meet in joint convention to select a United States Senator.

Geo. A. Anderson, rad, of Allegheny will be speaker of the senate, with Russell Errett of same county for clerk.

BIG STEAL.—A dispach to the Press discloses a $1,000,000 steal in Congress. It says: there are several parties now here from the Territory of Montana who are prepared to show to the satisfaction of Congress that there is no such tribe now in existence known as the Teton Sioux, for whose benefit an appropriation of nine hundred thousand dollars was asked for last year, and for whom a further appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars is provided for in the Indian appropriation bill which has just passed the House. These parties propose to file sworn affidavits with the Senate Appropriation Committee, showing that the disbursement of moneys to this so-called tribe, especially under the agency of Superintendent Viall, lately removed to make way for one of Senator Harlan's friends, to wit, the Rev. J. Wright of Iowa, were made upon fraudulent vouchers.

Stokes' is sentenced to be hung 27 Feb.

Abolition of Electoral Colleges.

The death of Horace Greeley at a peculiar juncture in national affairs is made the occasion for reviving the demand for the abolition of the Electoral Colleges, and the election of President and Vice-President by direct vote of the people. Mr. Greeley, however, was himself decidedly opposed to this demand, and for practical reasons. If it is desirable to have a President, this mode of election offers to the voters advantages they would be deprived of by its abolition. If they voted direct, they could only choose between candidates nominated under the objectionable convention system. But by the present plan, as Mr. Greeley long since pointed out, there is nothing to prevent each voter from placing on his electoral ballot the names of the persons for whom he wishes the electors to vote. These, by a very similar provision of law, the inspectors of election might be directed to canvass, and return with the votes for electors. The national Committee of each party might then count the votes cast for candidates on the ballots of their party, and request the electors who had been chosen by those ballots to vote for the persons receiving the greatest number of such suffrages. This would do away with the need for Presidential nominating conventions, with all the machinery of primary elections, caucusses, wire-pulling, packing, considerations of availability, intrigue, etc., which such conventions involve. The friends of each candidate, instead of working to carry primary elections and conventions in his favor, would work for him before the people. Each section of the party would go to the polls on behalf of their own candidates, and bring out every vote possible in their favor; while efforts would tend directly to swell the total vote for the principles of the party. Farther, it is a curious fact that even at a Presidential election fully twenty five per cent. of the voters do not exercise the elective franchise. Disliking the candidates ground out by the convention mills, and feeling all effort in favor of others hopeless, they do not care to avail themselves of the privilege of choosing between such alternatives. But with this simple and slight modification of existing methods, many of them would take an earnest and useful part in promoting the success of the party whose principles they most nearly approved, under the lead of standard-bearers selected by themselves. Platforms, so far as really needful, might be made by the National Committe, which might consist of the chairmen of the several State for the purpose.

Suppose that at the late election three million votes had been cast under such a system for Republican candidates for Presidential electors. Suppose them to have been divided in Presidential preferences thus: one million four hundred thousand for A, one million for B, two hundred thousand for C, two hundred and fifty thousand for D, one hundred thousand for E, and fifty thousand for other candidates. These votes being returned from the various States to the Republican National Committee, that body would have declared that A was the Republican candidate. At the subsequent meetings of the electoral colleges he would have been voted for and elected; with this difference, that every voter would have had a far greater freedom of choice, and all would be much better satisfied with the result. A plan for making local nominations, embracing the same idea (known as the Crawford county plan)," has been in use in many localities for years; and it works so well that in some form it can hardly avoid application on a larger scale.

But abolish the electoral colleges, and "party lines" must be most tightly drawn; the whole available vote must be concentrated on a single candidate for each party, whom the voters themselves will have small share in naming; and candidates will be selected, then even more than now, not on the ground of fitness, but on that of their supposed ability to catch votes at the moment of election. Under the Greeley plan, however, the merits of candidates will be discussed publicly during the canvass, instead of privately before it opens; and the result of such a discussion would sometimes be the selection by the voters of a very different man from him whom a convention would nominate.

The Right and Left in France.

These parties are at sword's points in relation to the future government of France. The Right is composed of men who favor an immediate return to a Monarchy. Some of them are Legitimists, and would restore the Bourbons to the throne at all hazards. Even if that throne had to be supported by foreign bayonets, they would accept that aid and assistance, rather than establish a Republic. With this party are associated the Bonaparte wing of the Assembly. They hate a Republic so intensely that their votes are cast with the Monarchists, in hope that if a Bourbon is not recalled to power a Bonaparte may be. Anything rather than a Republic is their motto. Napoleon may be necessary to a king. He never can be to a President. Under a Republic he and his co-conspirators may return to France. That country cannot be his home under a Republic. For these reasons the Napoleon faction in the Assembly act with the Right and oppose a Republic. The Left are the positive thorough Republicans; they insist upon the Republic, although they disclaim a wish to make the Republic an extremely Radical one. To them belong the traditions of the Republic of 1848—indeed, some of them were prominent actors in that drama, so abruptly closed by the catastrophe of the *coup d'etat*. They would accept no other form of government, but they differ not a little among themselves as to the acceptance of Conservative safe-guards, although they are understood to be at least united in favor of a responsible Ministry, and an election of the President by the people instead of the Assembly. They stand stoutly by universal suffrage, compulsory and secular education, and number in their ranks such men as Gambetta, Blanc, Jules Favre, Garnier-Pages, Glais-Bizoin, Eugene Picard and M. Grevy. These are the parties which now face each other in the National Assembly of France and also in the country. The former has a temporary advantage in the Assembly owing to several of the Delegates not representing their constituents. The people want a Republican form of government continued and consolidated. But many of their servants act with the Right, and thus thwart popular sentiment. It was by such a departure from the known will of the people that a majority of Monarchists was put upon the Committee of Thirty and the same influence prevents a dissolution of the Assembly and an appeal to the masses of Frenchmen at the ballot-box. But M. Gambetta and the Left stand firm in opposition to the Right and the Monarchists, and supported by the people. This resolute course of action has produced an impression upon the Right, and they now manifest a disposition to consider and discuss plans for the formation of a definite government. When that point is reached, the will of France will manifest itself both in the Assembly and in the nation. Men will then have to uncover their games and show their hands. It will then be a Monarchy or a Republic. Delegates cannot cheat their constituents on the final vote as they have on side issues. The nation will be aroused, and traitors to the popular will may except full justice from the public. M. Gambetta and the Left rely upon the nation when the crisis arrives, and hence their bold and stubborn fight at the present time. France cannot be handed over to either the Bourbons or the Bonapartes without a fight. That is certain.—*Age.*

A NOVEL METHODIST DISCUSSION.

At the Methodist preachers' meeting, in New York, a few evenings ago, an essay on "Annihilation" was read by the Rev. N. S. Terry, who took strong grounds against that doctrine. The Rev. Dr. True followed, affirming his belief that eternal punishment meant simply total destruction of the soul as well as the body, and in support of his view he quoted from the Bible various passages, concerning the future state, all of which, he claimed, showed that the death pronounced in judgment was final and immediate. He did not believe, though, that this took place till after the Judgment Day, leaving souls during the interregnum in a state of suspense.

Dr. True was interrupted several times by the Rev. Dr. Curry and the Rev. Mr. Borbett, who strongly dissented from his views, and strove to prevent his continuing. He was allowed to go on, however. After Dr. True had finished, discussion arose as to the propriety of permitting the introduction of topics not in accordance with the doctrines of the Methodist Church. Dr. Curry and Mr. Corbett contended that the discussions of the Association should be confined within prescribed limits, as they feared the admission of anything heretical would be very injurious to the Church. They animadverted also severely upon Dr. True for bringing his ideas before the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Crawford, the Rev. George Lansing Taylor, and others, argued that the discussions should be free to all, and that it was best to meet and contravert strange doctrins or acknowledge their force; they also defended Dr. True for speaking, as he had done so by invitation solely, though they differed totally from his views. The sentiment of the majority of the preachers seemed to be in favor of allowing a liberal range to discussion. A committee of three was appointed to consider the matter and report rules for the government of the discussions.

The Young Man With Twins.

A young man who was asked the other day by a woman in a Pennsylvania railroad train to hold her twins for a moment, while she got out to obtain refreshments, was subsequently much embarrassed; because, as the fond mother did not return, but rather took the next train back to the city, he was obliged to perform the duty of holding those two babes, one upon each knee, all the way out to Pittsburg, and it became somewhat monotonous before he reached that city. All he could do was to sit there and think, and think and blush, while the twins emitted the most and unearthly yells and enquired in vain for sustenance. The passengers started, and seemed to regard the unfortunate youth as an unnatural father. The manner in which he soused those infants into an orphan asylum indicated that he was anxious to get rid of them. And so he was.

—The Newbern Journal of Commerce says: Our foreman is a boy of sixteen years of age, and his assistant is a brother not yet fourteen. The former has been in a printing office, (the Journal of Commerce) for three years, and the latter for four months. These two set up, unaided, all the type (fifteen full columns burgeois) for the reading matter, all the advertisements, correct the proofs, make up the forms, and do all the work upon the paper, except the press work.

San Francisco, Cal., December 30.—A private letter from Arizona, says the Lee family of circus performers, eight persons, well known in this State, were all murdered by Apaches while on way to Mexico through Arizona.

The number of hogs packed at Cincinnati, O., during the present season to date is 623,793.

Baltimore, January 1.—At the Liberty copper mines, Frederick county, Maryland, yesterday, a scaffolding gave way and twenty-six miners were plunged into a pit several hundred feet deep. Eight of the miners were badly injured, but no further particulars of the accident have been received.

List of Grand Jurors for January Term.

Bellefonte Boro—John S. Rankins, Samuel Grant.
Milesburg Boro—John S. Proudfoot.
Philipsburg Boro—Geo. H. Zeigler.
Benner twp.—John Askey.
Boggs—Constance Curtin.
Burnside—George R. Boak.
Gregg—John G. Heckman.
Halfmoon—Thomas M. Way.
Haines—Samuel H. Meyer.
Huston—Hugh Adams.
Liberty—Joseph Baumgardner, John Brickley.
Miles—J. B. Crawford.
Penn—David Ertle, Jacob Emerick, Jno. Brand.
Potter—David Deckert, John Boozer, Jonas B. Royer.
Spring—Sidney Miller.
Taylor—John Weaver
Union—L. M. Fisher.
Worth—John G. Jones

List of Petit Jurors for 1st Week of January Term.

Bellefonte Boro—Theodore Gordon, W. F. Reynolds, F. P. Green, John Irvin, jr.
Milesburg—John B. Thomas, J. S. Ryman.
Philipsburg—Wesley R. Runk, G. S. Dorman, John S. Funk.
Unionville—Joseph Steer, John Alexander.
Boggs—Morgan Lucas, Jacob Yarnell.
Burnsides—M. Stewart.
Curtin—Joseph McClosky, James De-Hass.
Ferguson—Isaac Carter, Samuel Moser, John Sheffler.
Gregg—John B. Ross, John Hawk.
Harris—David Sparr, Evan Williams, Eobert Goheen, John Meese, Adam Hartswick
Haines—Dan'l Hosterman.
Halfmoon—David M'Kinney.
Howard—W. G. Lucas.
Huston—Hugh Glenn.
Liberty—Christian Kuhns.
Marion—James McAlmont, Robert Strunk.
Miles—H. G. Couser.
Patton—P. B. Waddle, Wm. G. Furst.
Potter—Wm. Farner, And. Reesman, Adam Hosterman.
Spring—John Long, Shuman Lyons.
Taylor—John Copenhaver.
Union—Jas. P. Holt, And. Calhoun, W. Alexander.
Walker—John H. Swartz, Ira Michtley, C. Swartz.

The first lottery known in England was drawn in the reign of James I, for the support of the English colonies in North America.

Conviction of Stokes for the Murder of James Fisk.

NEW YORK, January 4—Midnight.—The jury came into Court at 11½ o'clock, having been out about three hours, and in reply to the usual interrogatories, announced that they found Stokes guilty of murder in the first degree. There was a marked sensation in Court, on the announcement of the verdict. Stokes turned pale and his sister wept aloud. The District Attorney moved that the sentence of the law be pronounced, but at the suggestion of Mr. Tremaine, the Judge deferred passing sentence until Monday. The jury, it transpired, on retiring, stood ten for murder in the first degree and two for manslaughter in the third degree.

Something rises visibly in the throat of the prisoner. He has not expected this, nor has any one outside of the jury; but he does not stagger.

There are some few of his old motions. But there is nothing extraordinary in his appearance except it is a deepening of his dark eyes. The Judge looks startled, but his friend is equal to the occasion. Mr. Beach and Mr. Tremain are deeply affected with opposite emotions.

Stokes turns sharply upon Mr. Beach, and exclaims through his teeth, "Mr. Beach, you have done your work pretty well; I hope you have been well paid for it."

This brought up Mr. Fellows, Acting District Attorney, who seemed for once in his life disconcerted and sorry that he had ever adopted the legal profession. He made a long personal ill-timed speech, which seemed the merest mockery at this crisis of one of the most extraordinary trials of history. He said that he had positively refused to go on with the case unless Mr. Beach and Mr. Fullerton were associated with him, and that they had unwillingly consented to try the case with him at the request of District Attorney Garvin, and without any fee from any member of Fisk's family.

At this point wrath overcame the prisoner, and raising himself half from his seat and swinging his right arm wildly, he shouted, "Nor from Jay Gould!"

All night long Stokes walked his cell. He paced up and down like a caged lion, but not a word escaped his lips. Not even did he speak to his fellow prisoners, as had always been his practice on his return from court. They judged correctly from his motions, and believing that the verdict had been one calculated to strike terror to even Stokes's lion heart they abstained from addressing him. Several times, as the keeper on the tier passed, he advised the prisoner to undress and go to bed, but he made no reply. Several times during the night he lit a cigar and attempted to smoke it, but in a few moments the weed was thrown aside, and the feverish man drank a long draught of water and then resumed his lonely and embittered walk.

As the first streak of daylight peeped through the prison bars the only prisoner whose midnight solitude had been made hideous by embittered thoughts of the past and dreadful forebodings of the future, threw himself on his bed, and covered with two or three heavy overcoats, Stokes slept. His sleep, though heavy, was evidently disturbed by dreams, but yet as the hours passed, and when Warden Finley arrived and relieved the night Warden, Stokes was still sleeping. The hour of noon arrived, and still Stokes slept. Warden Finley was becoming uneasy and fearful lest his condemned prisoner had taken some artificial means to produce sleep, and he carefully watched the cell door to see the first evidences of returning wakefulness.

Yesterday morning 2nd, two passenger trains on the Macon and Western Railroad came into collision, killing eight persons and injuring fifteen others. Carlotta Patti and troupse were on one of the trains and narrowly escaped.

1873. 1873.

THE AGE.

A LEADING DAILY and WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

The Firm Advocate of Democratic Principles.

No Expenditure and Energy Spared to Maintain it in the First Rank of Journalism.

For the past ten years The Age has been the firm and earnest defender of the great principles enunciated by the founders of the Republic and incorporated in its institutions. Seeking no alliance with cliques or "Rings," it has been subject to no corrupt influence, but has always labored without fear or favor for the general good. It has, therefore, been the persistent and vigilant advocate of all reforms, general as well as municipal.

Receiving no aid from official patronage, The Age relies on the subscriptions and support of Democrats, and of fair and intelligent citizens who desire to see men and measures freely canvassed, knowing that free and fearless discussion by the press is now the best defence of all private rights and public interests

In the varying fortunes of parties, the intelligent and patriotic will rally to sustain free, pure, civil government, for corruption and usurpation, and to preserve and purify the American institutions that made our country the "Model" of the world. Its administration, in the spirit in which it was formed, can only be conducted on what we claim as true Democratic principles, for which The Age will still contend with an abiding faith in their ultimate triumph.

THE DAILY AGE
Contains:

1. The latest intelligence from all parts of the world.
2. Articles on Government, Politics, Trade, Finance and all the current questions of the day.
3. Local intelligence, Market Reports, Prices Current, Stock Quotations, Marine and Commercial Intelligence.
4. Reports of Public Gatherings, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, Legal Reports and Book Notices.
5. Theatrical Criticism, Reviews of Literature, Art and Music.
6. Agricultural Matters, and Discussions of all Subjects of General Interest and Importance.
7. Special Telegrams, and all the Dispatches of the Associated Press, from Every Part of the World.

The Age is the only Democratic morning paper in Philadelphia in the English language, and is therefore one of the best mediums for Advertising.

THE WEEKLY AGE

is a newspaper for those outside of the great cities who are without regular daily mail facilties, but desire to be kept informed of what is transpiring around them, combining home duties with domestic instruction and recreation.

Its Colums are Devoted to

Stories, original and selected by the best authors; Poetic Gems, from every available source; Choice Miscellany, Scientific, Amusing and instructive; a column of Sunday Reading and Religious Intelligence; an

Agricultural Department,

conducted by a practical Agriculturist, Mr. Thomas J. Edge, now earning a living upon a rented farm in Chester county; in which all questions are considered which have an interest for the tillers of the soil; Weekly Contributions for the Children; Editorial Brevities; News Items, &c.; Able Editorials, and a carefully prepared compendium of Foreign and Domestic News; Washington, New York and Miscellaneous Correspondence; Financial and Commercial Statistics; Full Markets; Select Advertisements, to which a very limised space is appropriated, &c., &c.

With all these advantages, the Weekly Age is acknowledged to be the best Family Journal printed in Philadelphia.

BEGIN WITH THE NEW YEAR.

Terms of the Daily Age:

One year, by mail	$8.00
Six months	4.25
Three months	2.25

For any period less than three months, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per month.

Payment required invariably in advance.

Terms of the Weekly Age:

One copy, one year	$1.50
Ten copies	12.50
Twenty copies	22.00

The following reduced rates will be charged when all the papers ordered are sent to one person, and not addressed severally to the members of the club.

Twenty copies	$20.00
Fifty copies	50.00

One copy will be furnished gratis for getting up a club of twenty or more for one year.

We have no Traveling Agents authorized to receipt for us.

Specimen copies sent free on application. Address ROBB & BIDDLE,

Nos. 14 and 16 South Seventh St.
Philadelphia.

Grasses of the Plains.

At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club, Mr. J. Disturnell, the great statistician, who has been making a trip to the Pacific coast, gave some interesting information in regard to the natural grasses of the plains and the mountains, West.

The prairie grass which abounds in the Western and North-western states has a well defined limit, extending west of the Missouri River until an altitude of about 2,500 feet above the ocean is attained; then commences the short buffalo grass, which is again superseded by the bunch grass, growing at a still greater altitude, say 4,000 or 5,000 feet, where commence the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. Here commences the sweet or white sage, which is succeeded by the sage brush on the elevated plains, extending for upward of 1,000 miles from east to west, or nearly half across the continent, along the forty-first and forty-second parallels of latitude. These different kinds of grasses or constitute the food for tens of thousands of wild buffaloes and immense herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, which may be seen in Western Nebraska and Eastern Wyoming, as well as the latter on the plains of Utah and Humboldt Valley, Nevada. The buffalo range is confined to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, extending from Texas to the British Possessions on the North—Kansas being a favorite pasturage for the buffalo at the present time.

The Laremie Plains, in Wyoming, elevated about 7,000 feet above the ocean, afford excellent pasturage for cattle and horses during the whole year, the stock feeding on bunch grass or the sage brush, of which there is no end.

The valley of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, affords another fine pasturage for cattle, as well as Humboldt Valley, in Nevada, extending from Humboldt Wells to Humboldt Lake, a distance of 300 miles. In this latter valley—elevated from 4,000 to to 5,000 feet—while an alkali soil predominates, there are some extensive natural meadows, which afford the best of feed for cattle and horses during the whole year. The cattle are mostly brought from Texas, along the line of the Kansas Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads, to the different points where good feed is found—the whole country being free for pasturage, and only requiring herdsmen to take care of the droves running at large.

The soils of the valley of the Platte and of the plains require a careful analysis in order to ascertain their productive qualities. There seems to be a gradual change from decayed vegetation to sand and gravel prevailing until the summit of the Rocky Mountains is attained, then commences alkaline soil, mixed with different kinds of chemical substances and mineral deposits, such as iron, coal, &c.

A great storm has occurred at Manila, destroying much shipping, and causing considerable loss of life. An uprising has occurred among the convicts of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by the killing and wounding of many Europeans and natives. The felons were pursued to the mountains and forests and large numbers of them killed or captured.

On the 22nd ultimo the Cuban insurgents attacked the town of Magarabomba, and on the night of the 28th the Spanish fortified camp of Maraguan, in both cases unsuccessfully. All the regular troops in Havana have been sent to Holguin to oppose the insurgents, who are reported to be about to select Agramonte for President in place of Cespedes.

"THE LOST ARTS."

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

The Seeds of Civilization Scattered Broadcast in the Past—Modern Knowledge a Development of the Primal Hints of the Ancients—the Inimitable Power of the Old Master-Workmen—the Science and Art of the Present Day Utilized.

From the Tribune.

Wendell Phillips delivered his famous lecture upon "The Lost Arts," at Steinway Hall, December 12th, for the benefit of the Purchard Institute. Notwithstanding the cold weather the hall was well filled. The lecture, which has been reported many scores of times, and has been regarded as the brilliant orator's most brilliant production, but has heretofore escaped phonography, is given below in full:

The Lecture.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am to talk to you to-night about "The Lost Arts"—a lecture which has grown under my hand year after year, and which belongs to that first phase of the lyceum system before it undertook to meddle with political duties or dangerous and angry questions of ethics; when it was merely an academic institution, trying to win busy men back to books, teaching a little science or repeating some tale of foregn travel, or painting some great representative character, the symbol of his age. I think I can claim a purpose beyond a moment's amusement in this glance at early civilization.

I, perhaps, might venture to claim that it was a medicine for what is the most objectionable feature of our national character, and that is self-conceit—an undue appreciation of ourselves, an exaggerated estimate of our achievements, of our inventions, of our contributions to popular comfort, and of our place. In fact, in the great posession of the ages we seem to imagine that weather knowledge will die with us or not, it certainly began with us, [Laughter.] We have a pitying estimate, a tender pity for the narrowness, ignorance, and darkness of the by gone ages. We seem to ourselves not only to monopolize but to have begun the era of light. In other words, we are all running over with a Fourth day of July spirit of self-content. [Laughter.] I am always reminded of the German whom the English poet Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat with profound respect when he ventured to speak of himself. [Renewed laughter.] It seems to me the American people might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking off its hat to itself—[great merriment]—and therefore it can be no waste of time with an audience in such a mood to take their eyes for a moment—for the hour or for the present civilization, and guide it back to that earliest possiple era that history speaks for us. And if it were only for the purpose of risking whether we boast on the right line, I might despair of curing us of the habit of boasting, but I might direct it better! I might lead its circle and center on a finer point, on a nobler issue than this of merely popular comfort and contributions by Yankee ingenuity to the mechanical imperfection of the age.

Pliny's Sailors and a Prairie Camp-fire.

Well, I have been somewhat criticised, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day, I take the mere subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident; that some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their cooking utensils and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; that they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus, and glass was found to have resulted from the niter and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well!

I have been a dozen times criticised by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale, that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification—glass making. I happened two years ago to meet on the prairies of Missouri Prof. Sheperd, who started from Yale College, and, like a genuine Yankee, brings up anywhere where there is anything to do. [Laughter.]

I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he: "We stopped last year in Mexico to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there, resembling ebeny, and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials of glass." Why not suppose that Pliny's sailors had lighted on some exceedingly hot wood, May it not be as possible as in this case?

So, ladies and gentlemen, with a growing habit of distrust of a large share of this modern and exceedingly scientific criticism of ancient records, I think we have been betraying our own ignorance, and that frequently, when the statement does not look on the face of it to be exactly accurate, a little investigation below the surface will show that it rests on a real truth. Take, for instance, the English proverb, which was often quoted in my college days.

We used to think how little logic the common people had, and when we wanted to illustrate this in in the school-room, it was what was called a "non sequitur"—the effect did not come from the cause named. We always quoted the English proverb: "Tenterden's steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands." We said: "How ignorant a population!"

But when we went deeper into the history we found that the proverb was not meant for logic but was meant for sarcasm. One of the bishops had £50,000 given to him to build a breakwater to save the Goodwin Sands from the advancing sea, but the good bishop—being one of the kind of bishops which Mr. Froude describes in his lecture that the world would be better if Providence would remove them from it—instead of building the breakwater to keep out the sea simply built a steeple; and this proverb was sarcastic and not logical, that "Tenterden's steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands."

When you contemplate the motive, there was the closest and most welded logic in the proverb. So I think a large share of our criticism of old legends and old statements will be found in the end to be the ignorance that overleaps its own saddle and falls on the other side.

Master Artists Inimitable.

Well, my first illustration ought to be this material glass; but, before I proceed to talk of these Lost Arts, I ought in fairness to make an exception, and it is the conception or conciet which lies here.

Over a very large section of literature there is a singular contradiction to this sweltering conciet that there are certain lines in which the moderns are ill satisfied with themselves and contented to acknowledge that they ought fairly to sit down at the feet of their predecessors.

Take poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, the drama, and almost everything in words of any form that relates to beauty; with regard to that whole sweep, the modern world gilds it with its admiration of the beautiful. Take the very phrases that we use. The artist says he wishes to go to Rome. "For what?" "To study the masters." Well, all the masters have been in their graves several hundred years. We are all pupils.

You tell the poet, "Sir, that line of your's would remind one of Homer," and he is crazy. Stand in front of a painting, in the hearing of the artist, and compare its coloring to that of Titian or Raphael, and he remembers you forever. I remember once standing in front of a bit of marble carved by Powers, a Vermonter, who had a matchless, instinctive love of art and perception of beauty.

I said to an Italian standing with me: "Well, now, that seems to me to be perfection." The answer was: "To be perfection," shrugging his shoulders; "Why Sir, that reminds you of Phidias;" as if to remind you of that Greek was a greater compliment than to be perfection.

All Men Borrowers.

Well, now the very choice of phrases betrays a confession of inferiority, and you see it again creep out in the amount we borrow. Take the whole range of imaginative literature and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention—to use, or beauty, or form—we are all borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use, and when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the Museum of Naples, which gathers all remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use, that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

Take the stories of Shakespeare, who has, perhaps, written his forty odd plays. Some are historical. The rest, two-thirds of them he did not stop to invent, but he found them. These he clutched, ready-made to his hand, from the Italian novelists, who had taken them before from the East. Cinderella and her slipper is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us from where they first came.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunloch, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been 250 or 300 distinct stories.

He says at least 200 of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish.

Even the tale which either Marie Edgeworth or her father though the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I would write you more in detail, more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder reading every word." ("No, you lie—I've not read a word you have written!") [Laughter.]

This is an Irish bull, still it is a very old one. It is only two 250 years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth and thought the other Irish bull was the best—of the man who said: "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." [Great laughter.]

That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish, but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greeks stole it from the Egyptians hundreds of years back.

Greek Jokes in Their Dotage.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related of a man who went into an inn and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine-glass about half the usual size—the tea-cups also in that day were not more than half the present size.

The landlord said: "That glass out of which you are drinking is 40 years old." "Well," said the thristy traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing I ever saw." [Renewed laughter.]

That story as told is given as a story of Athens 375 years before Christ was born Why! all these Irish bulls are Greek—every one of them. [Great merriment.]

Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell [laughter]; take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead [renewed laughter]; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging the crows were reported to live 200 years, and he meant to set out and try it. [Laughter.]

Take the Irishman that met a friend who said to him, "Why, Sir, I heard that you were dead." "Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not." "Oh! no," says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." [Great merriment.] Well! those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of the parallel character, come from Athens.

Our old Boston patriots felt that tarring and feathering a Tory was a genuine patent Yankee firebrand—Yankeeism. They little imagined that when Richard Coeur de Leon set out on one of his Crusades, among the orders he issued to his camp of soldiers was that any one who robbed a hen-roost should be tarred and feathered.

Many a man who lived in Connecticut has repeated the story of taking children to the limits of the town and giving them a sound thrashing to enfore their memory of the spot. But the Burgundians in France, in a law now 1,100 years old, attributed valor in the east of France because it had a law that the children should be taken to the limits of the district, and there soundly whipped, in order that they might forever remember where the limits came.

So we have very few things in that line. [Laughter.] But I said I would take the subject, for instance, of this very material—very substance—glass. It is the very best expression of man's self-conceit.

FURNITURE!

Grand Opening

FOR 1872.

AT

JOHN CAMP'S MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS, of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common.

Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.

jan12.tf.

1873. THE WORLD. 1873.

A new political era is opening before the country.

The negro-cycle of our politics has rounded to its conclusion through civil war, social violence, industrial disorder, and has ended is giving freedom to four millions of the negro race, and the ballot to its adult males.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The politics of this new era will come home to every man's business and bosom as never before, being vital to private prosperity and the maintenance of a Democratic Republic.

For not only are the manifold encroachments of Federal upon State powers and of both upon the large liberty of American freemen now as always to be replied with ceaseless vigilance; not only is home rule or local self-government now as always to be maintained for the best guarantee of civil liberty and of national greatness, but besides, the victories of peace which are to give splender to the political era must be won against every advantage which even enemies of free institutions could desire or possess.

A gigantic Debt, which the honor of the country is pledged to pay, encumbers all our industries with its oppressive burden. Nevertheless our systems of Municipal and State Taxation are crude, unequal, and defraud the poor to release the rich. Nevertheless our system of Federal Taxation is such an infamous masterpiece of ignorance and incapacity, put to the vile uses of monopolists and favorites and thieves, as never anywhere has disgraced modern civilization since Louis XIV., with his methods of taxation rather than its amount, paralyzed the industries of France. And along with the Tariff, which prohibits the export of our manufactures, abridges the number of our industries, cuts down the profit upon the exports from all our farms, plantations, and mines; abolishes our shipping from off the high seas, and filches $5 from the people's pockets every time it puts $1 into the U. S. Treasury,—along with this engine of oppression, stupidity, and fraud goes a Currency of fluctuating value as the measure of values in every act of domestic exchange.

Whatever parties may arise or fall, whatever their defeats or triumphs, and whatever their names, THE WORLD now and always will remain the unflinching champion of a

Liberal, Progressive Democracy,

whereof Freedom defended and defined by Justice, is the polar-star.

As a vehicle of News, THE WORLD will spare no expense, no energy, to maintain and advance its place in the first rank of metropolitan journals. Its fresh, abundant, various, and accurate news, comprising the whole circle of current intelligence and literature, will be discussed as becomes a Trustworthy Organ of Opinion, with candor, with steady devotion to sound public and private morals, with special knowledge for special themes, and with various and wide-reaching apprehension of the manifold interests of men and women in their homes, their market-places, their workshops, and their farms.

THE WEEKLY WORD

is our great edition (Wednesday) for the country. It contains: 1. The Latest Prices (telegraphed from all the Markets of the United States) of Live Stock, Country Produce, General Produce of every kind, and of Money, Stoc

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JAN, 9, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—Mr. Alexander Kerr, from across the valley, tells us that on Christmas morning at 6 o'clock, his thermometor stood 20 deg. below zero.

—A protracted meeting has been going on in the Luth. church of Aaronsburg, under Dr. Sahm, for several weeks.

—Michael Harper, of Aaronsburg, among other big porkers killed by him this season, had one that weighed over 480 pounds dressed. Ugh.

—Rev. D. M. Wolf, pastor of the Bellefonte Ref. charge, has left for Franklin and Marshall college, in which institution he has accepted a professorship. We understand that Rev. Kieffer, son of Rev. Kieffer of Mifflinburg, is to supply the charge thus vacated by Prof. Wolf.

The first election under the Local Option act of last session of the legislature took place in Clearfield county, on Friday last, the 29th of December. At the municipal and township elections held there on that day a majority of upwards of six hundred votes was cast against liquor licenses.

—SAD ACCIDENT.—A young man, George Miller, aged 18, a son of Joseph Miller, of Pleasant Gap, met with an accident on last Friday afternoon which proved fatal. He was assisting Mr. Curtin Hile, on the Shugert farm, in threshing, and while attempting to jump over the tumble shaft his coat was caught by one of the knuckles, and the unfortunate boy was whirled around seven times, his head striking the ground every time, before he could be rescued. He died on the following morning of the injuries sustained.

—Played out—"My christmas gift."

—We have just received some of the newest styles of fancy job type, and are prepared to do fancy printing upon short notice and at reasonable prices. Cards, bill-heads, letter-heads, invitations, &c., plain and fancy, printed at the REPORTER office.

—Our friend, H. R. Smith, has sold his store, at Potter's Mills, to the Thompson Bros. Mr. Smith intends bossing some lumbering opperations in the Seven Mountains.

—John Conly's team has got the epizootic at last. We admire its pluck.

—FOSSIL FISH.—We have in our possession a fine specimen of a fossil fish which was found in the solid limestone, about four feet beneath the surface, near the Fort, in a cut along our railroad. The backbone and ribs are as clearly preserved, in a petrified state, and look as natural as the bones of a fish just caught. The age and history of this representative of the finny tribe may date to the deluge, or beyond, but we will leave that interesting question for palaeontologists to discuss. This skeleton fish is firmly bound to a piece of limestone rock, and resembles the bones of the common sucker of about 14 inches in size. The nearest stream to the spot where this fossil was found, is Sinking creek, about two miles distant which contains only suckers and cat-fish. And we take our fossil to have been the ancestor of some of the suckers now in that stream, who, by some convulsion of nature, was swept from its channal, and has since had several feet of rock to grow over him In the same cut we obtained also what is beyond doubt a fossil turtle, though not as good a specimen as that of the fish. From the same locality were also taken rock-like formations, composed entirely of minute fossil shells. These specimens we obtained last summer while the cut was being made.

—A chap from across the valley informs us that during the cold snap his thermometor stood 25 degrees below "Selinsgrove," even after building a fire under it to keep it from taking the chills.

—Mr. Henry Moyer, of the Loop, sold his house and coach shop to Mr. Henry Rossman, the man that sent the big eels to the Reporter office.

—Persons wishing to buy a sewing machine should write to Mr. H. F. Bartly, Bellefonte, who has the agency For Centre county, for the original Howe. For the excellent points of this machine, see adv. in another column.

—Andrew Swartzel, of Milroy, shot a bear, in Treaster valley, on Saturday last; weighing over 300 pounds. There were four bruins together at the time, but only the one was killed.

—Pine Grove will have a festival for the benefit of the Meth. Episcopal church, on Jan. 21, 22, and 23.

—Pleasant Cap is to have a musical convention, under the direction of Prof. Curns, on Jan. 11th, and ends on the 18th Miss Rose Ryndor holds a musical convention in Logansville, on Jan. 23d.

THE LOCAL OPTION LAW.

An act to permit the voters of this commonwealth to vote every three years on the question of granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That on the third Friday in March 1873, in every city and county in this commonwealth, and at the annual municipal election every third year thereafter, in every such city and county, it shall be the duty of the inspectors and judges of election in the cities and counties to receive tickets, either written or printed, from the legal voters of said cities and counties, labelled on the outside "license," and on the inside "for license," or "against license," and to deposit said tickets in a box provided for that purpose by said inspectors and judges, as is required by law in the case of other tickets received at such elections; and the tickets so received shall be counted, and a return of the same made to the clerk of the court of quarter sessions of the peace of the proper county, duly certified as is required by law; which certificate shall be laid before the judges of the court at the first meeting of said court after said election shall be held, and shall be filed with the other records of said court; and it shall be the duty of the mayors of cities; and the sheriffs of counties, or of any other officer, whose duty it may be to perform such service, to give due public notice of such special election as above provided for, three weeks previous to the time of the same, and also three weeks before such election every third year thereafter; *Provided*, That this act shall not be construed to repeal or affect any special law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, or prohibiting the granting of licenses; *Provided*, That when the municipal and township elections in any county or city do not occur on the third Friday in March, the election provided for in this section shall be held on the day fixed for the municipal elections in said county; *And provided further*, That all licenses granted after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, shall cease, determine and become void on the first day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, if the district for which they shall be granted determine against the granting of license; and the treasurer of the proper county shall then refund to the holder of such license the moneys so paid there for, which the said treasurers shall be entitled to credit in their accounts with the commonwealth.

SEC 2. That in receiving and counting, and in making returns of the votes cast, the inspectors and judges and clerks of said election shall be governed by the laws of this commonwealth regulating general elections; and all the penalties of said election laws are hereby extended to, and clerks, voting at and in attendance upon the elections held under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3 Whenever, by the returns of elections in any city or county aforesaid, it shall appear that there is a majority against license, it shall not be lawful for any court or board of license commissioners to issue any license for the sale of spirituous, vinous, malt or other intoxicating liquors, or any admixture thereof, in said city or county, at any time thereafter, until at an election as above provided a majority shall vote in favor of license; *Provided*, That nothing contained in the provisions to this act shall prevent the issuing of license to druggists for the sale of liquors for medicinal and manufacturing purposes.

For the Reporter.

PHILIPSBURG, Jan. 6th 1873.

On Thursday evening Jan. 2, the citizens of Philipsburg were startled by the cry of fire. The fire was discovered to be in the east end of town; it proved to be a dwelling house, untenanted, belonging to Robt. Kinkade; it is supposed the fire started in staircase and broke out through the roof before discovered. The building stood within 12 feet of a fine dwelling house belong to Mr. L. Shearer, an insurance agent of this place. As they had no means of extinguishing the fire except with buckets and no water could be had for a considerable distance, it was thought best to chop and pull down the house in order to save the mansion of Mr. Shearer. Ropes were procured immediately, and made fast to the west end, (or far corner) of the building and about 200 strong back-woodsmen took hold and by the use of several axes the building was torn from its foundation and draged in the opposite direction of Shearer's house. Mr. Shearer's house sustained no serious injury from the effects of the fire. Mr. Kinkade, an employee of Zimmerman & Co's saw mill, who was so unfortunate as to loose an arm about one year, had purchased the house a short time ago for the sum of $900. H.

For the Reporter.

OBITUARY.

MR. KURTZ:—I have seated myself this morning to communicate to you the sad intelligence, that our friend, neighbor, and brother, Daniel C. Holloway, is no more. He died on Monday morning Dec. 30th, at 4 o'clock, after an illness of about 4 months, in the triumphs of faith. Among his last words were "Glory to God!" This is a showing evidence that he was prepared to go, for who but a christian could use such language on a dying bed. The deceased was buried on New Year's day, in the Lutheran cemetery. An appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion, by Rev. P. Sahm, D. D., in German. In the death of brother Holloway the family has lost a kind father and loving husband; the community a good citizen and the church a zealous brother. He served three years as a soldier in the late war—was a member of company D. 148th, Regt. P. V. But he has done with the battles of life; he has fought a good fight—kept the faith—and is now enioying his reward. We all feel his loss deeply and sympathize with the bereaved wife and children.

"Brother Daniel thou art dead,
Here thy face we'll see no more;
But when this short life has fled,
We'll meet again on yon bright shore."

J. A. B.

AARONSBURG, Jan. 3, 1873.

DEATHS.

On 27th ult., in Gregg twp, Wm. Walters, aged 19 years, 11 months and 22 days.

On 5 inst, in Potter twp., Mr. Wm. M'Minn, aged 92 years.

On 4th, in Millheim, Mr. John Reesman, aged 84 years.

On 6th, in Penn twp., Rachel Hubler, aged 65 years.

At Aaronsburg, on Monday morning, Dec. 30., of pneumonia, Mr. Daniel C. Holloway aged 35 years, 1 month, and 1 day. The deceased was a soldier in the late war, a member of Company D. 149 P. V. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

MARRIAGES.

On 19th ult., Emmit D. Keller and Miss Frances M. Houser, both of Yeagertown.

TIMBERLAND

AT PUBLIC SALE

On Saturday, January 25th, 1873, at the public house of M. L. Leitzel, at Potters Mills, at 1 o'clock, will be offered at public sale.

TIMBERLAND,

lying on the south side of Sand mountain, and is well timbered with fine white oak, yellow and pitch pine and poplar. Persons wishing to view this Timberland, will please call upon the undersigned.

TERMS:—One third of purchase money to remain in the property as widow's dower; one-third to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

DANIEL FLEISHER,
Administrator of Peter Fleisher, dec'd.
jan 9.

O I C.

GET THE BEST.

THE ORIGINAL HOWE SEWING MACHINE—IMPROVED.—The Howe, the original and yet the best has the following points of excellence:

Simplicity of construction
Symmetry of form and beauty of finish.
Rapidty and stillness in operation.
Ease with which it can be managed.
Non-liability to miss stitches, having a moveable head, which can be readily adjusted close to the shuttle, when using either the finest or coarsest needle.
A shorter and smaller needle, in proportion to the size of the thread, than used with any other machine.
The Lock Stitch, alike on both sides of the fabric.
Economy of thread.
Strength and firmness with which the seams are drawn together.
Roundness, fullness, regularity and beauty of stitch.
Adaptability to the widest range of work sewing the finest and coarsest fabrics, and using equally well the finest and coarsest, and all intermediate grades of silk, Cotton and Linen Thread.

H. F. BARTLEY, of Bellefonte, has the agency for Centre county, for the Howe; he will travel the county, and persons wishing a machine about which there is no fault, should wait and give the Howe a trial, before purchasing. jan2.3m.

LICENSES.—The following applications will appear for Licenses at January term of court, next.

George Keller,	"	Rush "
Benjamin Walker	"	Boggs "
Benjamin Snyder	"	Boggs "
Philip Gates	"	Furguson "
James Haywood	"	Rush "
Robert Taylor,	Tavern,	Philipsburg
Hiram Harris,	Restaurant,	"
Robert Haworth,	Tavern,	"
Jeffrey Hays	"	Rush twp
James I. Kunes,	"	Liberty "
Henry Robb,	"	Walker "
Frederick Fahrion,	"	Gregg "
John Shannon,	Restaurant,	Ferguson "

A. WILLIAMS,
jan2 Proth'y.

In the Orphans Court of Centre county. In the matter of the account of Isaac Underwood and Mary A. Pottsgrove, Adm'rs of Jacob Pottsgrove, dec'd.

The undersigned an auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Centre county, to ascertain the debts and make distribution of the balance in the hands of the said accountants, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Saturday the 11th day of January 1873, at 11 o'clock a. m. When and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

JOHN B. LINN,
dec26.3t Auditor.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.—In the cool, sequestered vale called Sugar Valley, in Clinton county, resides an old man with his family, named Jacob Karstetter. He is now 67 years of age, stout and rugged yet for a man of his age, and for one who has roughed it as he has. In the earlier days of Clinton's history, and even before she had a history, Jake Karstetter was one of the strongest among the strong, a splendid shot—so good, indeed, that he was at one time ruled out of the shooting matches because he was dead sure for the "bull's eye"—and he was never willing to stand back if a little scrimmage was going on, but ready and willing to take a hand. But few cared to tackle Jake Karstetter, those who did generally came off second best, and it was seldom, if ever, that any one cared to try it ever again. We are not advised that he was a quarrelsome or meddlesome man—on the contrary, we are led to suspect he was not—but the above were some of his physical qualities, and from what follows it will be seen that he had in him the ring of true metal.

He lived among and shared up to the begining of the war, and does now the life of the sturdy yeomanry of Sugar Valley. At this time he was 54 years of age and "eager for the fray," but he was too old to get mustered in. To overcome this, he reported his age as 44, entered Company C, 7th Pennsylvania-Reserves, Colonel Harvey, afterwards Colonel Bolinger, and served two years. In the Seven Days fight he was injured by being trodden upon, on the breast, by a horse of one of General Meade's aides. While lying wounded, to escape capture he rolled into a muddy ditch, and there lay twenty-six hours in the hope of escaping detection, but he was nabbed and sent to Libby. After confinment for a week or so, he was offered a parole, but refused to take the oath obligating him not to take up arms till regularly exchanged. He told his captors, he says, he'd "be (cussed) if he'd take any such oath. When he got out there he was going to fight them; he was'nt going to be lying round doing nothing; and if he could'nt do that if he went then, he'd stay there till he could!" Having served two years, he returned home and resumed his peaceful avocations, intending to remain home at the earnest request of his family. But before long something offended him, and off he put to enter the army again. Persuasions were in vain; go he would. He went to Harrisburg and called on Governor Curtin, with whom he was acquainted, and told him he was going again to fight for the Union. The Governor told him that was right, and directed him, by a messenger, where to go, and he went and was examined by the Surgeon, who refused him on account of age. He was then 56, when fight is knocked out of most men, but neither age nor two years' service had phazed him. Go he swore he would. He was told on the sly that if he insisted, he could be put through for $250. He did pay $200 to get in!

This strikes one as extraordinary. The rule was the other way, and this rule was thought to be without exception; but it has one, and this serves to further illustrate the old saw, "there is no rule, withous an exception." Instead of paying to get in, tradition says that some in this locality—and in several other places, both far and near—paid much more than this to stay out. But the hero of our story was'nt of these. He served till the battle of Cedar Creek, or Fisher's hill, the occasion when Sheridan made his famous ride, rallied the army, and turned defeat into victory. Some time afterwards he was discharged for disability. Altogether he was in twenty or more fights.

From the peculiarities of our subject it will be readily believed that he was somewhat erratic and a little hard to keep to company duty. He yearned for sharpshooting duty, and was disposed to and did go off now and then to have a few shots all to himself. On picket duty he lost two fingers, taken off by a shot from one of Mosby's men. Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of what was related to us about Jake Kerstetter. So unusuel, so remarkable were his characteristics, that we believed they would interest the readers of the Democrat, and here they are,—Democrat.

For the Reporter.

LOOP, Dec. 27th, 1872.

FRED: As we have vacation now and no tedious studies on hand, I will spend a short time in writing you. I expected to enjoy a part of my leisure time hunting, but there is too much snow to be pleasant in the mountains, hence we seek enjoyment from another source.

The two infairs, at Mr. Rishel's and at Mr. Armagast's afforded us more pleasure, perhaps, than a ramble in the mountains would have done. Over one hundred persons partook of the good things provided by the hands of the mothers and daughters and on each occasion no pains were spared to make all happy. The newly married ones were happy too. In this case we only judge from appearance and not from experience, never having had courage sufficient to invest in the great lottery of life in which so many have invested in haste to repent at leisure. We hope they may continue to be happy all along through life's rugged journey and may they ever bear in mind that true happiness without holiness is impossible.

Both parties were well represented by Pennsvalley's fair daughters, who showed by their deportment that they know what constitutes a true body. Truly I am glad to see that the young people of the loveliest valley in the world are throwing aside their prejudices, and becoming sociable. There are still a few who cling to their antiquated notions, that the blood that coures through their veins is better than others and entitles them to more respect and a higher position in society than those they deem their inferiors. Others imagine that the dust of which their bodies are formed is of a finer quality than that of their neighbor's and by standing upon their supposed dignity make themselves ridiculous in the sight of those who are poorer so far as the filthy lurere of this world is concerned, but richer in good common sense. Heaven help such to see the inconsistency of their actions and show them the danger of their forfeiting, not only happiness in this life but the enjoyment of eternal bliss in the next. If all would try to cultivate a social feeling, and a cheerful temper, and by feasting the mind upon intellectual instead of sensual food, true modesty would take the place of mock-modesty, society would be what God designed it should be, peace, harmony, and good will would prevail and we might almost have a heaven on earth.

But whilst we are in the enjoyment of so many rich blessings, life, health, friends, food, raiment and have the privilege of enjoying the society of our friends at social gatherings, let us not forget the wants of the hungry, starving poor, who are with out house and home, and destitute of the comforts of life. Think of your neighbor who has been made unhappy by some misfortune, and whilst we enjoy the genial heat of our warm fires, let us not forget that some poor brother is suffering from the pinching winds of winter and that it is our duty to contribute to his comfort and by so doing we can make ourselves happy. He that is too lazy to work is not worthy of a living, hence we are under no obligations to support him. I only refer to the *worthy* poor. It is upon them we should bestow our charty. If all the gifts which are given to the rich were bestowed upon the worthy poor there would be rejoicing in hundreds of families that are now unhappy. TUSSEY.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

The annual meeting of the members of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre County, and election of twelve Directors, to conduct the affairs, of the Company, for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of John Spangler, Centre Hall, on Monday the 13th of January, 1873. The annual statement of the transactions of the Company for the past year will be presented Members generally are requested to attend.

GEO. BUCHANAN,
ALEX. SHANNON, Pres't.
Sec'y. Jan. 2.

REGESTERS NOTICES'.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs crediters legatees and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre County, for allowance and confirmation on Wednesday the 29th day of January, A. D., 1873.

1. The final account of Samuel T. Lucas, administrator of &c., of John Perry Lucas, late of Snow Shoe township dec'd.
2. The final account of John Snyder guardian of the Estate of Mary M. Hays, wife of John C. Hays, the said Mary M. Hays being a child and heir at law of William Bair late of Miles twp., in the county of Centre, dec'd.
3. The administration account of David Wolf, administrator of &c., of Cathrine Minich, late of Miles twp., Centre county, dec'd.
4. The final account of Abram M. Elder dec'd. guardian of Elizabeth A. Tonner and John Tonner, minor children of Thomas R. Tonner, dec'd as filed by Mary Ann Elder, administratrix of Abram M. Elder, dec'd.
5. Second Partial account of Peter Neese and James D. Gentzell, administrators of &c., of Elizabeth Neese late of Gregg twp. dec'd, as filed by James D. Gentzel, acting administrator.
6. The account of Jacob Spangler, guardian of Samuel Armaghast, minor child of Michael Armaghast late of Centre county, dec'd.
7. The account of Jacob Spangler, Executor of the last will and testament of Daniel Kerr, late of Potter twp., Centre county, dec'd.
8. The account of J. D. Shugart, guardian of Augustus M. Hoover, a minor son of John T. Hoover, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.
9. The account of Catharine Moses and Samuel Felty, administrators of &c., of the Rev. David Moser, late of Furguson twp., dec'd.
10. The account Enos Ertley Executor in the last will and Testament of James M'Culloch, late of the Township of Marion in the county of Centre, dec'd.
11. The account of Geo. Bower, administrator of &c., of Michael Kreamer, late of Haines twp., dec'd.
12. The first account of Josiah Neff and John Shannon, executors of the last will and testament of John Neff, of Potter twp., dec'd.
13. The final account of William Bible, guardian of the person and estate of John H. Bitner, minor son of Henry Bitner late of Potter twp., dec'd.
14. The account of Jos. Baker and John Dale executors of Geo. Coble, late of Harris twp., dec'd and trustees under the will of said dec'd daughter of John Coble, now dec'd.
15. The account of James Gates administrator of &c., of David Gates, late of Furguson twp., dec'd.
16. The first account of Thomas Weston, executor in the last will and testament of Christian Vanpool, late of Half Moon twp, dec'd.
17. The final account of Mark Halfpenny and Wm. Forster executors of &c., of the last will and testament of R. M. Forster, late of Harris twp., dec'd.
18. The guardianship account of Geo. Shineberger who was guardian of John T. Hoover, of Harris twp., dec'd, as filed by John Shineberger and David Stover, his administrators.

J. H. MORRISON,
Register.

COACH & SMITH SHOPS FOR SALE,

The Iot and Coach and Smith Shops, at Centre Hall, lately occupied by Geo. B. Harpster, are offered at private sale. There are three Shops upon the premises, all new two-story frame buildings, suitable for carrying on all the different branches of Coachmaking, smithing, wood-work, painting, trimming, &c. There is also a new stable upon the lot. The location is one of the best in Centre Hall, and a large trade can be readily secured. For further information address WM. WOLF,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufacture Cement WARRANTED OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, at their kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. R R., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufactured. The undersigned now take pleasure in recommending, and warranting it to all, for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable. This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that they warrant the article as represented. For further particulars, address

MEYER & HOFFER,
20 dec tf Aaronsburg, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned an auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the accounts of T. M. Hall, assignee of J. P. Shoope, and make distribution of the balance in his hands to those entitled, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at the office of Adam Hoy, esq., in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, Jan. 14th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JOHN G LOVE,
dec.19 6t. Auditor.

ILLINOIS FARM FOR SALE!

240 ACRES; FIRST CLASS LAND; only 6 years improved from prairie soil, with buildings, orchard &c, It is 8 miles directly south of Joliet, next to Chicago the most thriving city in the state and 14 miles east of the incorporated village of Elwood situated on Chicago & St. Louis R. R 45 miles from Chicago, the great market of this country, and 10 miles from coal regions. Population largely interspersed with 1st class Penn'a. Germans.

I desire to invest in Commercial business Address W. NICHOLSON,
nov 29 3m Elwood, Will Co. Ill.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19.tf.

C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.

NEW GOODS!

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF

FALL GOODS!!!

HERLACHER & CRONMILLER

Wish to inform the citizens of Potter that they have opened an entire new stock of goods in their old quarters, and will keep constantly on hand a full and good assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
ALPACAS, Poplins, PLAIDS, Lustres.
and all other kinds of

DRESS GOODS,

full line of

NOTIONS and FANCY Goods

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes
CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, CEDARWARE,
SUGARS,
TEAS, COFFEES,
FISH, SALT,
etc., etc., etc.,

All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

Highest prices paid for country produce. By strict attention to business we hope to merit and receive the patronage of the public

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Satoens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c,

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

A very large stock of Men's Women's and Children's and sold very low.

Queensware,

full assortment.

GROCERIES

a full stock at the lowest prices.
At the old stand of.
WM. WOLF.

W. J. McManigal,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron, Nails, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.

Milroy Mifflin Co., Pa.

To Shoemakers,
I have just received a large stock of
FRENCH KIP
FRENCH MOROCCOES
FRENCH CALF SKINS
LINING SKINS
RUSSIA BRISTLES
RED SOLE LEATHER
SHOE MAKERS TOOLS
PAT. AWL HAFTS AT 10 CENTS
SHOE THREAD &c.
Call early and examine
Oct 11 3m WM J M'MANIGAL

BOSTON

Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WESELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.
B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety]
Also, Choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
tf.1june R. F. RANKIN & CO.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,85, Red 180....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 40.....Barley 60. 70.....Cloverseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50..... Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... EGGS 15.....Plaster 9 50

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, to distribute the money arising from the sale of the real estate of David Kreps, and to hear and report upon the facts in the case, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Friday, the 17th day of January, A. D., 1873, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, when and where, all parties interested can attend if they see proper. JAS. T. HALE.
dec19.6t Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, to distribute the money arising from the sale of the real estate of Hahn, Wilson & Co., will attend to the duties of his appointment, on Thursday the 16th day of January 1873, at 10 o'clock, a. m. at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all persons may attend if they see proper.

W. J. KEALSH,
dec19 6t Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned an auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre county, to hear and determine the exceptions, filed by Rebecca Curtin to the administration account of John Curtin and Peter C. Johnson, administrators of account of Austin Curtin deseased, will attend to the duties of his office in Bellefonte on Tuesday the 14th of January 1873 at 2 o'clock p. m.

GEO. M. YOCUM,
Auditor.

GREAT OFFERS TO AGENTS are made by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADY'S FRIEND. A beautiful Chromo of the CHILD-PROPHET "SAMUEL," worth $5,00, is given with the Paper (subscription price $3,00) or with the Magazine (price $2,50.) Do not fail to examine into this offer, it is A GREAT COMBINATION!! Address for particulars, samples, &c., *Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.* dec13.1m

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Boston and its Destruction.

A full, detailed and graphic account of the origin, progress, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for agents, as every person wants to know the full particulars of this great disaster. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

WILLIAM FLINT,
Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, Ohio.
dec13.1m.

TRUE TIME ONE $1. $30,000 SOLD.

Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass and indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote correct time and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. Nothing like it! This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 3 for $2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manuf's, VERMONT NOVELTY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt. dec13.1m.

W. A. CURRY,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call.
Oct 11. 3m.

THE Very Best Buenos Ayers

Sole Leather,

FRENCH, GERMAN AND COUNTRY

CALF SKINS,

SHOEFINDINGS, &c., &c.,

At reasonable rates, next door to C. D. Keller's store, Bishop Stree Bellefonte Penn'a.

E. GRAHAM & SON.
Oct 11 tf.

A. SUSSMAN

LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.

PECK & LEE'S New Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages, Buggies, & Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS, PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.
ag.y. PECK & LEE.

COAL, LIME, and POWDER!

COAL.—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME.—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.

POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.

Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.

nov4 SHORTLIDGE & CO

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.
GRAINING
Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.
Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.
All fine work done for other painters.
June 7 y.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments ot Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.

S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ..... $225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

LEMONT.

DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ..... $375.00
PETER SCHRECK, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

AARONSBURG.

WM. ETTINGER, Rynder Organ..... $240.00

BOALSBURG.

MISS E. E. HUNTER, Melodion..... $130.00

In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—

You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.

Address,

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE, Lock Haven, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

C. D. KELLER,

BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,

is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes, Carpets,

CEDAR AND WILLOW WARE, &C., &C,

at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!

FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!

ASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS THERE
apr.19tf. C. D. KELLER

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGEN

A DASHING EXPLOIT.

When the Revolution of 1830 set in, Alexander Dumas, then a very young man, seeing nothing in life but one series of tableaux, took his share in the more stirring scenes in the capacity of a skirmisher. He tells the whole story in his memoirs, and his account seems an anticipation of the best portions of Rabagas. But his narrative of his expedition to Soissons to seize some powder will be found one of the most stirring bits of adventure of modern times.

He heard Lafayette say that if the King were to advance on Paris there would be no powder to meet him with, Alexander conceived a bold scheme, and proposed to the General to set off for Soissons---a town he well knew---and seize on the magazine there. Lafayette laughed at the idea, but consented to give him a pass to General Gerard, to which Dumas coolly added: "and we recommend his scheme to you." From Gerard he, with some difficulty, obtained a requisition addressed to the authorities of the town for the powder. In this he ingeniously interpolated the words "Minister of War"---a rank which no one but himself had conferred on the General.

With this official document he returned to Lafayette, and persuaded the old patriot to write him a sort of letter of introduction to the citizens of Soissons, recommending them "Alexander Dumas, one of our combatants," as a fit and proper person to whom they should hand over the powder. Then our hero ---for such he was on this occasion--- prepared himself for as spirited and dramatic an adventure as can be found in the books of romance.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of July, 1830. As he was hurrying away he met a young painter named Bard, who was only 19. He asked him to join. The other agreed with alacrity, and Alexander sending him back for his double-barreled pistols and his horse, set off himself in a cabriolet for Le Bourget, then the first post on the road to Soissons, and which has since obtained such a disastrous notoriety. Arrived there, he exhibited his Lafayette and Gerard letters to the Postmaster, and demanded a chaise and horse for his mission. The Postmaster was friendly, and even *empressee*, and supplied him at once with what he asked. He went out to buy some pieces of calico---red, white and blue---which were sewn in a tri-color flag fixed to a broom-stick, which latter was tied on to the chaise. With this ensign they started, in hopes of getting to Soissons about midnight. About 1 o'clock they had reached the gates of Soissons, through which they were allowed to pass, "the door-keeper little dreaming," says Alexander, "that he was admitting the Revolution."

They went at once straight to the house of Hutin's mother, where their first business was the manufacture of a huge tri-color flag. She contributed her blue and red curtains, with a table-cloth, and all the women of the household were set to work to sew the pieces together. By daylight the task was completed. The pole, of course, gave no trouble, as the one from which the Bourbon white flag was flouting would answer. The flagstaff, as Dumas said, had no political opinions.

The plan they had arranged was really Quixotic in its extravagance, and, indeed, seems almost incredible. Making all allowance for Dumas's bombast, it will be seen that, at the most, he had only been guilty of the novelist's exaggeration; though at the time the story of the adventure was all but scouted, he could not be disproved in its facts, which are given with the most minute details of dates, names and places. It was settled that Bard and Hutin were to take the flag and contrive to get it into the cathedral under the pretence of seeing the sun rise from the tower. If the sacristen made any resistance he was to be flung over the parapet. Then, having lowered the white flag and set the tri-color floating from the tower, Bard was to hurry on to lend his aid to Dumas, who would be engaged at the powder magazine. Such was the dashing plan of the three men.

They started at daybreak, and Dumas made his way to the St. Jean, where a small pavilion, close to the gateway, was used as the magazine. He dared not attempt the gate, but, stealing round, climbed up the wall cautiously, and took a peep into the fort. He saw two soldiers busy hoeing in a little garden at the corner. He let himself down again and looked over at the distant cathedral. He saw distinctly against the sky the dark outline of some figures; the white flag, after being tossed about in an extraordinary fashion that could not have been owing to the wind, finally disappeared, and the tri-color took its place. Now was the moment; his companions had done their part. He slung his double-barreled gun about him, and began to climb the wall. When he got to the top, he saw the two soldiers staring with wonder at the strange flag on the cathedral, then, cocking both barrels of his gun, he leaped down and stood before them. One was named Capt. Mollard, the other Sergeant Razon. He advanced on them, presenting his piece, explaining who he was and his errand. He was Monsieur Alexander Dumas, son of General Dumas, etc. He came in the name of General Gerard to demand the surrender of the powder, and there was his order signed by the General, which he presented with one hand, holding his cocked gun in the other. The pair were much taken back, and knew not what to do, when the Colonel, D'Ocourt, who was in command, was seen approaching. The matter was explained to him, and after many courteous phrases, the treaty was arranged, by which the three officers promised their neutrality, and engaged to keep within doors. Thus the powder magazine would seem to have been captured by Dumas single-handed. It has the air of a very brilliant achievement, and the picture of the hero alone in the fort, his fingers on the triggers of his gun, courteously but firmly controlling his three opponents, is a most dramatic scene. When writing the account of his adventure, from which we take these particulars, however, Dumas forgets that in the official report furnished to the *Moniteur* twenty-three years before he had stated that three of his friends were waiting at the gate.

Thus successful, he opened the gate and found his friend Bard. To him he handed over the charge of the magazine, and went away to deal with the Commandant of the fort, Liniers. He found this officer just rising and discussing the news of the sudden appearance of the flag on the cathedral. Dumas laid down his gun at the door, introduced himself, and made his demand for an order to remove the power. The other declined to acknowledge General Gerard's order, and said that there was scarcely any power in the magazine. The Commandant seemed, in fact, rather amused, and smiled scornfully when Dumas answered that the party at the magazine were his prisoners. Alexander, replying that he would go back at once and bring proof under their hand that the powder was there, made his bow and retired. He flew back, found that he was right, and returned presently with satisfactory proof that a large quantity of powder was in the magazine. But when he reached the Commandant's office he found that the party had been increased during his absence, and that Lenferna and Officer of gendarmes, and Bonvilliers, Colonel of the engineers, were there in full uniform, and armed. The Commandant addressed him in a sort of bantering tone, telling him that he had sent for these officers, who, with him, were in command of the town, in order that they might have the pleasure of hearing M. Dumas explain his mission. The young man saw that boldness was his only resource, and coolly told him that he had been engaged by Lafayette to bring the powder to Paris or lose his life, and that he insisted on the Commandant handing over that powder to him. The officers passed on Gerard's order from one to the other with a sort of smiling contempt.

"And so," said the Commandant, in the same tone, "so, single-handed, Monsieur Dumas, I think you said that was your name, you propose to force me to do this. You see that we are four."

The young man saw that matters were coming to a crisis, and took a prompt resolution. He stepped back, pulled his double-barrelled pistols from his pockets and presented them at the startled party. "You are four," he added, "gentlemen, but we are five. If that order is not signed in five seconds, I give you my word of honor, I will blow your brains out, beginning with the Commandant there!"

He owned he felt a little nervous, but he was determined.

"Take care," he went on; "I mean what I say. I am going to count. One---two---three----."

At this critical moment a side door was flung open and a lady flung herself among them in a paroxysm of alarm.

"Agree! agree!" she cried. "Oh, this is another revolt of the negroes. Think of my poor father and mother whom they murdered in San Domingo."

Alexander owned that the lady's mistake was excusable, considering his own natural tint (deepened by violent browning from the sun), and the peculiar character of hair and voice. But we may wonder at the insensibility to ridicule which could prompt him to set down such a jest at his own expense. The truth was, he was so filled with vanity that all the nicer senses became blunted, and he was even unconscious of the roars of laughter these foolish confidences produced. The Commandant could not resist the entreaties of his wife. Alexander declared that he had infinite respect for the lady, but entreated her husband to send her away and let the men finish the business. The poor Commandant protested that his self-respect must be respected. He could not decently yield to a single man. Alexander then offered to sign a paper, to the effect that the order had been extorted at "the mouth of the pistol barrel." "Or would you prefer," he added, "that I should fetch two or three of my companions, so that you should seem to have yielded to a more respectable force?" The Commandant accepted this proposal, and Alexander left him bluntly declaring that no advantage must be taken of the delay, or he would return and "blow all their brains out," and the whole party must give their parole of honor that they would remain exactly as they were.

"Yes, yes," cried the lady. Alexander made a low bow, but declared that it was not her parole that he wanted. The Commandant gave what was required of him, and Alexander, hurrying away, speedily returned with two or three of his men, whom he placed in the court. Opening the window, he bade them inform the gentlemen inside that they were ready to fire at the first signal; an appeal answered by the significant sound of the cocking of guns. The Commandant understood, and going to the desk wrote out a formal order.

After this the rest was comparatively easy. The magazine was broken open, carts were procured and loaded, and at about 6 o'clock they were outside the town. Dumas was so exhausted that he sank down on the grass, under a hedge, and fell fast asleep. Roused up presently, he started on his journey, and by 8 o'clock reached Villers-Cotterets where they found the supper ready, which had been ordered to be done before. After a jovial meal they set out once more, and by 3 o'clock in the morning were close to Paris, at the post house whence they had started. At 9 he had presented himself, together with his powder, at the Hotel de Ville, having triumphantly accomplished the daring exploit he had undertaken.

Fall of a Church---Terrible Slaughter.

At Williamsport, Penn., on Christmas evening, the Sabbath-school attached to the Baptist church at Newberry, in the Seventh ward of that city, assembled to participate in the ceremonies of Christmas night. Some three hundred men, women and children were present. The ceremonies of the occasion had been inaugurated, and Mr. Kinsloe, of this city, proceeded to address the children, when a peculiar shake and quivering of timbers was felt that denoted a sudden downfall of the building. No sooner had the impression taken firm hold upon those present than the floor gave way, precipitating the whole assemblage into the cellar below.

The church was constructed with an upper audience room, and it was in this that the congregation had assembled. The interior dimensions of the floor are twenty-six feet in width and forty feet in length. There was a centre girth, with joists thickly placed on each side, and through the centre from above were two bolts connecting with this main girth. Evidently the weight of those assembled sprung the truss bearers, and the supports slipping out of their places caused the terrible catastrophe. This is evident from the fact that the timbers were not broken. The gaspipe, two inches in diameter, which was beneath the centre girth, was bent double by the immense weight.

When the crash came there went up a heart-rending wail of mangled humanity. Children wildly shrieked for their parents and the groans of the wounded and dying filled the air. To add to the horror, the oil lamps of the edifice ignited and bid fair to destroy all in a general conflagration. Those outside worked with a will and used every possible effort to rescue the living. The church was now on fire, but providentially the flames could be reached and were speedily extinguished. Before the floor gave way many of those within were able to reach the windows and leaped to the ground, a distance of fifteen feet. In the panic several persons were wounded by being run over.

At eleven o'clock p. m., the dead bodies were removed and were identified as follows: John Boyd Mehaffy, Mrs. Duncan Campbell and two children, a child of C. W. S. McGinnis, Miss Ladie Moffit, Miss Mary Fisher, Miss Lizzie Boskin, Miss Grace Seaman, Miss Tillie, a boy named Shuman, a child of John Budd and Mrs. John Wilkinson.

There were some forty or fifty wounded, some of whom will probably die. Many of them were immediately removed to their houses in different parts of the city.

The Fire at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The Fire Marshal of New York, after an exhaustive examination of many witnesses, is of the opinion that the recent fire at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was caused by accident. The testimony clearly shows that the flames originated in one of the servant women's chambers, through which passed the laundry elevator, the opening therefor being a square aperture, cased with dry wood, extending from top to bottom of the building, about ninety feet. This elevator opening formed, in effect, an immense chimney for the rapid progress of the flames. The woman who occupied the chamber testified that she was in bed, sound asleep, and awoke to find herself surrounded by flames. Her clothing was destroyed, the bed clothing on fire, and she herself was badly burned. She escaped into the hallway, and gave an alarm; but the fire had already traveled to the attic, and an alarm been given. The Marshal thinks that the woman, in getting into bed, probably stepped upon a match, which ignited her clothing; the fire smoldered for a while, but at last increased, the flames entered the elevator, the draft carried dense smoke to the attic, which there suffocated the eleven unfortunate females, who lost their lives long before the flames could have reached their bodies.

The evidence goes to show that the Fifth Avenue Hotel was well provided with the apparatus for extinguishing fires, in the use of which the men connected with the hotel are frequently drilled. All the floors are provided with water mains, to which hose pipes are kept constantly attached, and there are also steam pumps always in readiness in the basement. In the present case it was not half a minute after the alarm was given before some of the hose had been stretched and water directed upon the flames. But the fire had evidently been burning for some time before its discovery, and it was then too late to quickly check its spread.

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation; not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Mr. James Gowen, of Maryland, in 1838, imported the Short-Horn cow Dairy Maid, bred by J. Whitaker, of Yorkshire, England. In 1839, when four years old, she gave 225 1-2 quarts of milk in one week, and the next year 235 1-4 quarts in one week. In each case she had suckled a calf three months.

An Illinois correspondent of the (Prairie Farmer) on Sep. 10 commenced feeding 56 hogs, weighing 9,424 pounds, an average of a little over 168 1-2 pounds. He fed them 1,200 bushels of corn in 87 days, and found their weight 15,570 pounds, a gain of 6,146 pounds, an average of 109 5-7 pounds for each hog, and nearly 5 1-8 pounds of pork for each bushel.

Boil a turkey in as little water as may be, until the bone can be easily separated from the meat. Remove all the skin; cut the meat in thin slices, mixing together the light and dark parts. Season with salt and pepper. Take the liquid in which the turkey was boiled, having kept it warm, pour in on the meat, and mix it well. Shape it like a loaf of bread, wrap it in cloth and press with a heavy weight for a few hours. When served up it is cut in thin slices. Some of our professional cooks can shape it somewhat like the original bird, so that one cannot tell at once when it is seen that it is boned turkey; but this requires skill and labor.

We grumble at the high price of provisions; but look at the provisions within our reach which we will not touch! How few average Americans will eat sorrel, for instance, yet the French make a delicious soup of it. This wholesome plant grows plentifully all over, and would furnish many a nutritious dish to the poor country workman; and if you went to some of them, and explained the valuable properties of the plant, and its inexpensiveness---since it grows wild in the fields like a weed---they would answer that they had never tasted any, that they had never heard of any one who had tasted any, and finally, that they "didn't fancy it." This is always the kind of answer a would-be innovator obtains. You ask these same people to try dandelion salad, which is very good eating indeed, and they will laugh derisively. But these prejudices are not confined to the laboring class. The middle class is just as obstinate, though, as it has money to buy other food, the obstinacy is not of so much consequence. The middle-class housewife has no spirit of adventure. She never attempts to stray beyond the acknowledged routine.

The Railroad Massacre on the Buffalo, Corry and Pittsburgh Railroad.

A despatch from Erie, Penn., says that the immediate cause of the accident at Prospect station was a broken flange on the tender wheel. About sixty rods west of the station is a trestle work some twenty feet high, over which the locomotive and tender of the express bound express passed in safety, but the baggage and passenger cars---only two coaches being in the train---were thrown from the trestle and struck top downward. The weight of the trucks crushed in the cars, closing up the windows, and, to render the situation even more terrible, the passenger coach was partially tilted upon its side, so that for the occupants of that side there were absolutely no means of escape. Almost immediately the cars took fire, the passenger coach burning at both ends. Some half dozen persons waiting at the station were soon at the scene of the accident, but they worked at an immense disadvantage. No water could be had, and the snow that was scraped up had little effect in staying the flames. Only two axes were available, and the woodwork of the cars was bolted together so firmly and intricately that but little headway could be made with them. All the time these efforts were being put forth the flames were steadily gaining and the shrieks of the imprisoned victims as the scorching heat enveloped them was appalling to the stoutest heart. Now and then a rope was put through a crevice, fastened to a form and the sufferer pulled out by main strength. Sometimes it would be a lifeless body, and the charred arms, legs, or head would drop off in the struggle. In three or four instances the head was thus separated from the trunk, and in as many more cases the body was bereft of its limbs. The body of a lady was thus rescued from the flames, the head and one arm snapping off like a piece of charcoal, while the other arm was untouched, a kid glove covering the hand and her fingers wearing their jewelled ornaments. The body will doubtless be recognized with the aid of the rings. But for these it would have been impossible to identify it. The bodies of three other ladies were taken out, neither of which, it is believed, can be recognized. In all it is estimated that four out of the nineteen forms removed from the burning car are unrecognizable. It is supposed that in addition to the bodies recovered a number of others were consumed in the burning car, and that nothing but their blackened bones will be discovered when the fire is extinguished and the ashes raked over. Adding these to the number of injured that will die, it is estimated that the total number of lives lost will not fall short of thirty---the whole number of persons in the two cars at the time of the accident being about forty-five.

After the accident Frank Taylor, of Corry, one of the rescued passengers, was leaning against some object, and seeing an acquaintance passing, called him by name. The friend turned round, saw Taylor apparently uninjured, but suddenly he said, "tell my wife" and fell over dead. He must have died from internal injury, but the inmates of the burning cars were shrieking for aid and Mr. Taylor's friend did not see him again until his corpse was brought in and placed with the others. After the groans of the dying were stilled in death the stench arising from the burning bodies is said to have been sickening.

With no means of extinguishing the flames, and the heat being too intense to admit of all the bodies being extracted, nothing could be done by the spectators but to stand quietly by and see the remains slowly consumed.

The bodies thus far identified are Mark Haight, of Brocton, N. Y.; William H. Osborne, of Westfield, N. Y.; Herman Ryan, of Farnham, N. Y.; Edwin H. Bell, of Sherman, N. Y.; Con Maloney, of Brocton, N. Y.; Frank Taylor, of Corry, Pa.; John White, of Lancaster, N. Y.; August Cardat, of Arkwright, N. Y.; Charles Metz, of Eden Corners, near Angola, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Rice, Titusville, Pa.; E. Joseph Curtin, of Titusville; William Rankin, a laborer, from Canada; James H. McCarten, of Miller Station, N. Y.; Four bodies only remain unrecognized. All the wounded, but Maggie Curtin, W. H. Tickner, Mrs. Cornelia McCarten and Fayette Flanders left Prospect station for their homes. At the Chautauqua House, Mayville, one John Douglass, a Canadian, has his left shoulder and breast broken, but he may recover. Barney Cook, of Lancaster, had internal injuries; his recovery is very doubtful. There were thirty-eight paying passengers on the train, and five employes back of the tender.

Orville Swift, of Corry, was on the train, and his body has not been recognized. Two of the four bodies unclaimed are shapeless masses. Mr. Douglass, who was in the car twenty-five minutes, says several passengers were killed outright, others were writhing about until suffocated, and others were conscious until burned to death.

A Diffident youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was alone. After settling the merits of the weather, the girl said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamt of you last night." Why, now!" "I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, now! What did you dream your mother said?" "Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home." A light dawned on the youth's intellect, a singular sound broke the stillness, and a few weeks after they were married.

Two Holiday Pictures.

We strolled along a gay thoroughfare an evening or two ago. Garish shop-windows glittered with every conceivable article which good or bad taste could possibly desire as a holiday present. Rich shawls, ticketed "Cheap---only $800"; sets of furs, marked well up into the hundreds; cloaks; satins; silverware; dolls dressed in the latest fashion, and held at a hundred dollars each; toys of every kind; diamond rings and pins; gold-headed canes; costly trifles of every sort; beautiful articles for the rich and refined, and still more costly articles suited to the taste of the vulgar rich; everything, in short, that love or ostentation could desire to use as its expression was in those shop-windows, and purchasers by the hundred stood before the counters inside. It seemed that the genial Christmas spirit was in all hearts, that every human being in that throng was happy in the thought of bestowing happiness upon others. The sight was a picturesquely pleasant one, and we lingered lovingly in the midst of it, catching something of the glow of the ten thousand Christmas firesides represented in the persons of the purchasers.

On the following evening we had occasion to go into one of the darker wards of the city. There, in the top story of a tenement-house, in a single small room, we found a widow with two children. The room and its furniture were clean and neat, though excessively poor. In a closet adjoining lay the widow's son, a bright boy of thirteen, whose weekly earnings had once helped to keep the family in comparative comfort. He lay now waiting for a slow-coming death, as he had lain waiting for many weary weeks. The mother, an industrious woman, and a sober and honest one as well, had found but a single day's employment and a single day's wages during the last three months. She had sold one article after another, until now she had nothing left to sell; and the Christmas time, which seemed so beautiful in the light of the shop-windows of the great thoroughfare, not half a dozen blocks away, was to her the darkest and dismalest of days. No one of the lavish hands expending money in the gaudy shops had held out to her the price of a single comfort for her dying boy: not one of the generous hearts there had devised a plan by which she and such as she could find work to do and wages to earn.

As we went away from that miserable tenement-house room, and remembered that this woman's case was only one of many thousands of such in this Christian country, which so recently gave national thanks for an abundance of the earth's fruits, and which is now celebrating the birth of that Teacher who was cradled in a manger, and who, throughout life, "had not where to lay His head," two or three sentences kept ringing in our ears:

"And the poor heard him gladly."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."---"Hearth and Home."

The Centre of Gravity of Population.

In a letter to the "Nation," Mr. J. A. Garfield gives some interesting facts in regard to that much-disputed point, the centre of gravity of the population of the United States. At his request Professor Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, undertook to ascertain the point with scientific accuracy according to the last four censuses. By supposing a plane of the exact size and shape of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, loaded with the actual population of the four periods, he gets, by a series of calculations, the exact centre of gravity, or the point on which such a place would balance, at each period. By this method he found this point to be, in 1840, in Virginia, near the eastern foot of the Appalachian chain, and nearly upon the parallel of thirty-nine degrees north latitude. In 1850 it had crossed the mountains and moved westward fifty-seven miles, to a point nearly south of Parkersburg, Va. In 1866 it had moved eighty-two miles westward, to a point nearly south of Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1870 it had reached a point near Wilmington, Ohio, about forty-five miles northeast of Cincinnati.

Thus it will be seen that the "Star of Empire" has for thirty years traveled westward, along the thirty-ninth parallel, at the rate of about six or eight miles a year, and that it neither goes so fast nor has gone so far as our western fellow-citizens have been in the habit of claiming. In future decades it is quite probable that its progress will be slower. It would not in the next thirty years get beyond Bloomington, Indiana, even at the rate of the last thirty. But if, as we are inclined to believe, the migration of population west of the present centre of gravity to the region of country still further west is quite as great, if not greater, than that of the population east of that point to the west of it, then the change in the future will be slower than in the past. A mere shifting of population on the western side of the plain will not affect the balance; there must be an actual increase of population in larger ratio than on the eastern side. The increase from births is undoubtedly larger in new countries, but to offset this is the increase from immigration on the seaboard, a portion of which only moves westward. The area of country inviting to settlement on the eastern slope of the Appalachian chain is, moreover, enlarged by the abolition of slavery; the salubrious climate, the rich soil and its profitable cultivation, and the capacity of the South, will conduce to the rapid occupation of a region from which hitherto free labor has, for the most part, been excluded. These various influences will serve to retard the movement westward of the centre of gravity.

P. T. Barnum.

People will have their little jokes, most of them, however, perfectly good-natured, about Mr. Barnum and the habit which he has of becoming involved in conflagrations. The gentleman himself seems no more to mind the fun than he does the fires, and even if he should be compared to a salamander, it would probably awaken in him no other feeling than a desire to add that rare creature to his next collection of birds and beasties. It is well enough understood by this time that Mr. Barnum is, morally considered, perfectly incombustible, and that nothing but the destruction of the whole world can prevent him from being the possessor of lions, tigers, and elephants, of monkeys, anacondas, and whales. The dodoes are extinct, but if Nature should take it into her head to issue a second series of that big bird, we all know that Mr. Barnum would have one of the earliest specimens here in New York for our inspection. It is a way of his, and we beg leave to say that it is a very good way. Considered merely as a first-rate example of the never-say-die quality of human nature, Mr. Barnum is an invaluable example to a community greatly given to exaltations and to corresponding depressions. As a purveyor of innocent amusement, and as a satisfier of a good deal of curiosity, Mr. Barnum is really one of the public favorites; and we incline to the belief that he will be pleasantly remembered long after he has issued his last announcement and has gone, we sincerely hope, to a place of which Fire is not the principal feature.

A woman should never consent to be married secretly. Her marriage should be solemnized in the light of publicity, and not in the shadow of concealment. She should distrust a man who has any reason for shrouding in darkness the act which---in his estimation, at least---should be the crowning glory of his life. The man who always has some plot on hand, who naturally takes to trickery and concealment, and is never ready to have his actions brought out into the clear light of day, is apt to be so constitutionally base, that he seldom, even by accident, deviates into the path of honor and virtue. No woman who values her domestic happiness should never listen to the suggestions of such a man, in favor of a secret marriage.

The educated live longer than the illiterate; the rich, longer that the poor; the good, longer than the bad.

A College for Wild Beasts.

It is in Ratcliffe Highway, London. Mr. Jamrach conducts it. A newspaper notice of a young tigress, which had broken loose, ran into the streets, maimed a boy, played pranks with a passing brewer's dray, and finally had been secured by her keeper armed with a crowbar, first informed me that an institution for the education of wild animals was in existence.

I made a note of it determing that I would visit Mr. Jamrach some fine day. The resolve remained in abeyance until I saw another announcement, to the effect that a fine young rhinoceros had entered the seminary to be educated for a menagerie. Not knowing how long this course of teaching might last, I concluded to go to Ratcliffe Highway at once.

In answer to my knock at the door, Mr. Jamrach presented himself in the form of a stalwart German, whom no prudent lion or tiger would care to meet if the man had a crowbar.

I explained the object of my call, and he entered into my views at once.

"I have only small animals here," he said, "but come with me a little way down the street, and you shall see my larger pupils."

So away went, Mr. Jamrach telling me, as we proceeded, that the rhinoceros was to go to the Zoological Garden next day. Arrived at the courtyard, I found myself between two rows of nearly empty cages. Passing on, we came to a ladder leading to a loft. Mr. Jamrach told me to mount, which led me to ask whether the rhinoceros was up there.

"She is not up there," replied he. "She is below in a den. You will have to see her through a hole in the flooring."

Down through the hole I peeped, and there she was nibbling hay. Mr. Jamrach now went away, handing me over to the guidance of the keeper. This keeper was a man almost as worthy of study as the animals under his charge: very short, with muscular chest and brawny arms, his eyes steadily fixed upon you, whether he or you were speaking, communicative, and full of anecdotes. I had no sooner begun to ask him questions than the rhinoceros had made herself invisible.

"So ho, Mouta," said he, calling her by her Indian name. "I'll teach you better manners;" and down through the floor he bobbed. Seizing a murderous-looking weapon, half pike, half hatchet, he began to bang away at the creature, who, though with many snorts and grunts she came out into the light, could not have been hurt. I now saw that her nose-horn, from which the name of the animal comes, was nearly gone, and inquired the reason.

"It is the invariable result with all the new-comers," he replied. "They are in the habit of rubbing away the point of the horn against the sides of their dens faster than it can be produced at the base."

He told me that it was easier to gain the confidence of a lion than a tiger, yet that tigers and tigresses would occasionally have pretty ways.

"That very tigress which escaped," said he, "knew me well, and seemed very fond of me. Often when I was passing her den she would thrust out both paws, and beckoned me toward her."

"And did you accept her invitation?" asked I.

"Often; and putting her paws on either side of my neck, she would caress me. Lions and tigers are gentle enough when in their dens; but if they chance to get loose, all their natural ferocity returns, and friendships are forgotten. You must show no mercy. There is only one way then."

"And what is that?"

"Knock them on the head. That is how I served the tigress. I felled her with the blow of a crowbar."

"And did she ever forgive you?" I asked, "There was an end of caressing, I fancy."

"Not a bit of it," said the keeper. "She forgave me, and after a few days we were as good friends as ever."

"You must have a somewhat dangerous life of it, I think. Are you never afraid?"

"Not of beasts and birds. But the snakes---ugh! I don't fancy them overmuch."

"Mr. Jamrach deals in snakes too?" I asked.

"Of all sorts. I understand their ways after a time---rattlesnakes and cobras---and am not adverse to handling them. Stand still before the former, but retreat from the latter. In either case you will not be bitten. The puff-adder is different from both. You must seize him."

"How?" I asked. "With tongs or pincers?"

"We have not a pair of either on the place."

"How do you catch them, then?" I inquired.

"Seize them," he replied, "by the neck, between finger and thumb, and hold them fast. That's the only safe way to deal with them."

"Do you wear gloves?"

"Yes; very thin gloves. Thick clog the fingers. Poison won't pass even through kid. Then, you know what a rattlesnake is going to do. He sounds his rattle twice before he strikes. The cobra, too, rises up to give you warning, but a puff-adder is as mean as his looks."

Passing along between two rows of cages, while listening attentively to my informant, I felt a soft velvety touch on the back of my hand. Looking round, I perceived a creature---not quite a monkey, but a lemur---begging something to eat.

"They are great gluttens," he said; "but nothing compared to these," opening a door where half a hundred monkeys were grinning.

"Do you sell monkeys?" I asked.

"That's a large part of our trade. We imported over a thousand monkeys last year."

"And pray, who buys them?"

"Organ grinders and menageries. We sell a few as pets and many go to the Continent."

"At what price do you hold monkeys?"

"That depends on quality and breeding," he replied. "A ring-tailed female monkey, of gentle disposition and correct deportment, will command twenty pounds, while a common blue-face can be bought for five."

"And the young rhinoceros?"

"We sold her to the Zoological Gardens for five hundred pounds, and a poor bargain it was for us. She cost us every penny of it."

Tobacco and Liquor.

Our countrymen spend more money for the luxuries than for the necessities of life. It is no wonder that many people are poor when their hard earnings are washed on indulgence which do harm instead of good. Bread is the great staple of food, and $200,000,000 were spent last year for flour to feed our people. But the tobacco sold in the country for chewing, and smoking, and snuff, cost $250,000,000; about $7 for every man, woman and child.

This is bad enough, but the cost of intoxicating liquors consumed in 1870 $600,000,000, averaging nearly $20 for every man, woman and child. A large amount of this is used in poor families, and reduces them to want and wretchedness.

If the young people of the land would refuse to touch tobacco or liquor this fearful extravagance would soon cease, and the wealth of the country increase with marvellous rapidity.

A New Bridge.---The proposed bridge over the Hudson river near Peekskill will be one of the largest in the world. Its length between the towers will be 1,665 feet. It will be suspended 155 feet above the river by 20 cables made of 70,302 miles of steel wire, and will weigh altogether over 17,000 tons. Its working strength will be equal to 2,400 tons. Three million tons of coal, besides a million tons of other freight, are expected to pass over this bridge annually.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

WORK;
or, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

Author of "Little Women," "Old Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIE.

"AUNT BETSEY, there's going to be a new Declaration of Independence."

"Bless and save us, what do you mean, child?" And the startled old lady precipitated a pie into the oven with destructive haste.

"I mean that, being of age, I am going to take care of myself, and not be a burden any longer. Uncle wishes me out of the way; thinks I ought to go, and, sooner or later, will tell me so. I don't intend to wait for that, but like the people in fairy tales, travel away into the world and seek my fortune. I know I can find it."

Christie emphasized her speech by energetic demonstrations in the bread-trough, kneading the dough as if it was her destiny, and she was shaping it to suit herself; while Aunt Betsey stood listening, with uplifted pie fork, and as much astonishment as her placid face was capable of expressing. As the girl paused, with a decided thump, the old lady exclaimed:

"What crazy idee you got into your head now?"

"A very sane and sensible one, that's got to be worked out, so please listen to it, ma'am. I've had it a good while. I've thought it over thoroughly, and I'm sure it's the right thing for me to do. I'm old enough to take care of myself; and if I'd been a boy, I should have been told to do it long ago. I hate to be dependent, and now there's no need of it; I can't bear it any longer. If you were poor, I would not leave you, or I never forget how kind you have been to me. I am a burden to him, and I must go where I can take care of myself. I can't be happy till I do, for there's nothing here for me. I'm sick of this dull town, where the one idea is to eat, drink and get rich. I don't find any friends to help me as I want to be helped, or any work that I can do well; so let me go, Aunty, and find my place, whatever it is."

"But I do need you, deary, and you mustn't think Uncle don't like you. He does, only he don't show it, and when your odd ways fret him, he ain't pleasant, I know. I don't see why you can't be contented; I've lived here all my days, and never found the place lonesome, or the folks unneighborly," and Aunt Betsey looked perplexed by the new idea.

"You and I are very different, ma'am. There was more yeast put into my composition, I guess, and after standing quiet in a warm corner so long, I begin to ferment, and ought to be kneaded up in time, so that I may turn out a wholesome loaf. You can't do this; so let me go where it can be done, else I shall turn sour and good for nothing. Does that make the matter any clearer?" And Christie's serious face relaxed into a smile as her aunt's eye went from her to the nicely-molded loaf offered as an illustration.

"I see what you mean, Kitty; but I never thought on't before. You be better nor than me; though, let me tell you, too much emptins makes bread poor stuff, like baker's trash; and too much working up makes it hard and dry. Now fly around, for the big oven is most hot, and this cake takes a sight of time in the mixin."

"You haven't said I might go, Aunty," began the girl after a long pause devoted by the old lady to the preparation of some compound which seemed to require great nicety of measurement in its ingredients; for when she replied, Aunt Betsey curiously interlarded her speech with audible directions to herself from the receipt-book before her.

"I ain't no right to keep you, dear, of you choose to (take a pinch of salt). I'm sorry you ain't happy, and think you might (if you'd only beat eggs six yolks and whites together). But if you can't (and feel that you need just two cups of sugar), only speak to Uncle, and (if he says 'a squeeze of fresh lemon'), go, my dear, and take my blessin' with you (not forgettin' to cover with a piece of paper)."

Christie's laugh echoed through the kitchen; and the old lady smiled benignly, quite unconscious of the cause of the girl's merriment.

"I shall ask Uncle to-night, and I know he won't refuse. Then I shall write to Mrs. Flint has a room for me, where I can stay till I get something to do. There is plenty of work in the world, and I'm not afraid of it; so you'll soon hear good news of me. Don't look sad now, Aunty dear, for I must go, and be glad if I should become the greatest lady in the land." And Christie left the prints of two floury but affectionate hands on the old lady's shoulders, as she kissed the wrinkled face that had never worn a frown to her.

Full of hopeful fancies, Christie's salted the pans and buttered the dough in pleasant forgetfulness of all mundane affairs, and the industrious dame of Aunt Betsey's youth bethought her about rectifying her mistakes, and watching over her as if this sudden absence of mind had roused suspicions of her sanity.

"Uncle, I want to go away, and get my own living. Do you blame me?" was Christie's abrupt beginning, as they sat around the evening fire.

"Hey! what's that?" said Uncle Enos, rousing from the doze he was enjoying, with a candle in perilous proximity to his newspaper and his nose.

Christie repeated her request, and was much relieved when, after a meditative stare, the old man briefly answered:

"Wal, go ahead."

"I was afraid you might think it rash or silly, sir."

"I think it's the best thing you could do; and I like your good sense in pupposin' on't."

"Then I may really go?"

"Soon's ever you like. Don't pester me about it till you're ready; then I'll give you a little suthing to start off with." And Uncle Enos returned to the "Farmer's Friend," as if cattle were more interesting than kindred.

Christie was accustomed to his curt speech and careless manner---had expected nothing more cordial; and, turning to her aunt, said, rather bitterly:

"Didn't I tell you he'd be glad to have me go? No matter! When I've done something to be proud of, he will be as glad to see me back again." And then her work and my life like a coward because it is dull and hard. I'll try my fate as mother did, and perhaps I may succeed as well." And Christie's thoughts went wandering away into the dim, sweet past when she, a happy child, lived with loving parents in a different world from that.

Lost in these tender memories, she sat till the old moon-faced clock behind the door struck twelve, then the visions vanished, leaving their music behind them.

As she glanced backward at the smouldering fire, a slender spire of flame shot up from the log that had blazed so cheerily, and shone upon a face which went. A good omen, gratefully accepted then, and remembered often in the years to come.

Thus ends the first chapter of Miss Alcott's charming and attractive but thoughtful new story, which commences in the holiday number of Henry Ward Beecher's *Christian Union*, and will be continued only in that paper. Miss Alcott has found the key to the popular heart: it is in depicting the true *home life* of America, which she makes full of zest, enjoyment and wholesome earnestness. This story will be followed in *The Christian Union* by other serials from other eminent American pens. Edward Eggleston, Robertson Gray, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, etc.

The Christian Union contains contributions from eminent writers of all denominations, and has matters of interest for every member of the household, young and old. Having *the largest circulation in the world* of its class, it can afford to buy for its columns the very best talent.

The terms of subscription to this fine popular family weekly are but $3 per year, including the illustrated Holiday number, and all the numbers, (or a supplement) up to Jan. 1st, containing all the opening chapters of Miss Alcott's Story---presented free. To every subscriber is *given away* a beautiful $12 *Oleograph*, a brilliant and charming work of art; or the $10 Pair of French Oil Chromos, "Wide Awake," and "Fast Asleep,"---subjects *life size*. Subscriptions should be sent to J. B. Ford & Co., the publishers of the paper, at 27 Park Place, New York. See their prospectus in the adjoining column.

A GREAT COMBINATION

and the very best business opportunity ever offered, is to be found in an Agency for taking subscriptions to

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S

GREAT LITERARY FAMILY NEWSPAPER, with which is given away the largest and best Premium Picture offered, the new and exquisite $12.00

FRENCH OLEOGRAPH

called "Little Runaway and her Pets." Oleographs are the choicest class of French Art-printing in oils---the perfection of chromos. We also give the superb $10 pair of Genuine French Oil Chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," subjects LIFE-SIZE---charming fac similes of Original Oil Paintings. This paper has the largest circulation in the world. It will next year be made better than ever. Serial tales by world-famous authors, L. M. ALCOTT, EDW'D EG